THE SCORNFUL LADY:

A COMEDY:

As it is now Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

BY

Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by { *Francis Beaumont* and *John Fletcher* } Gent.

The Eighth Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for *Dorman Newman* at the *Kings-Arms* in the *Poultrey.* 1691.

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Young Loveleſs, *a Prodigal.*
Savill, *Steward to the Elder* Loveleſs.
Lady, *and* Martha, } *Two Siſters.*
Abigail, *a Waiting-Gentlewoman.*
Welford, *a Sutor to the Lady.*
Sir Roger, *Curate to the Lady.*
A { Captain, Traveller, Poet, Tobacco-Man, } *Hangers on to Young* Loveleſs.
Wenches.
Fidlers.
Morecraft, *an Uſurer.*
A Rich Widow.
Attendants.

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THE Scornful Lady.

A COMEDY.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter the two Loveleſſes, Savill *the Steward, and a* Page.

Elder Love. BRother, is your laſt hope paſt to mollifie *Morecraſts* Heart about your Mortgage?

Young Love. Hopeleſly paſt: I have preſented the Uſurer with a richer Draught than ever *Cleopatra* ſwallowed; he hath ſuck'd in ten thouſand pounds worth of my Land, more than he paid for, at a gulp, without Trumpets.

El. Lo. I have as hard a task to perform in this Houſe.

Yo. Lo. 'Faith mine was to make an Uſurer honeſt, or to loſe my Land.

El. Lo. And mine is to perſuade a paſſionate Woman, or to leave the Land. Make the Boat ſtay. I fear I ſhall begin my unfortunate journey this Night, though the darkneſs of the Night, and the roughneſs of the Waters, might eaſily diſſuade an unwilling Man.

Savil. Sir, your Fathers old Friends hold it the ſounder courſe for your Body and Eſtate to ſtay at Home, Marry, and propagate and govern in your Country, than to travel and die without Iſſue.

El. Lo. Savil, Yon ſhall gain the opinion of a better Servant, in ſeeking to execute, not alter my Will, howſoever my intents ſucceed.

Yo. Lo. Yonder's Miſtriſs *Abigail*. Brother, the grave rubber of your Miſtriſs Toes.

Enter Miſtreſs Abigail *the Waiting-woman.*

El. Lo. Miſtreſs *Abigail*.

Abig. Maſter *Loveleſs*, truly we thought your Sails had been hoiſt; my Miſtreſs is perſwaded you are Sea-ſick e're this.

El.

El. Lo. Loves she her ill-taken-up resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her from me?

Abig. By this light that shines, there's no removing her, if she get a stiff opinion by the end. I attempted her to day, when they say a Woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What Critical Minute was that?

Abig. When her Smock was over her Ears; but she was no more pliant than if it hung about her Heels.

El. Lo. I'prithee deliver my Service, and say, I desire to see the dear cause of my Banishment, and then for *France.*

Abig. I'll do it. Hark hither, is that your Brother?

El. Lo. Yes, have you lost your Memory?

Abig. As I live he's a pretty Fellow.

Yo. Lo. O this is a sweet *Bracke.*

El. Lo. Why she knows not you.

Yo. Lo. No, but she offered me once to know her: to this day she loves Youth of Eighteen; she heard a Tale how *Cupid* struck her in love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she in kindness would needs wear a Willow-Garland at his Wedding. She lov'd all the Players, in the last Queen's time, once over: She was struck when they acted Loves, and forsook some when they played Murtherers. She has nine *Spurroyals*, and the Servants say she hoards old Goold; and she her self pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldest Son, or her Mistress's Husband's Clark shall be, that marries her, shall make her a Joynture of fourscore pounds a year; she tells tales of the Serving-men.

El. Lo. Enough, I know her Brother. I shall entreat you only to salute my Mistress, and take leave; we'll part at the Stairs.

Enter Lady and Waiting-woman.

La. Now, Sir, this first part of your Will is performed; what's the rest?

El. Lo. First, let me beg your notice for this Gentleman my Brother.

La. I shall take it as a favour done to me; though the Gentleman hath received but an untimely Grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer curtesies as a Stranger, than upon those cold commendations.

Yo. Lo. Lady, my Salutations crave Acquaintance, and leave at once.

La. Sir, I hope you are the Master of your own occasions.

Ex. Young Lo. Savil.

El. Lo. Would I were so. Mistress, for me to praise over again that worth which all the World, and you your self can see.

La. It's a cold Room, this, Servant.

El. Lo. Mistress.

La. What think you, if I have a Chimney for't out here?

El. Lo. Mistress, another in my place that were not tyed to believe all your actions just, would apprehend himself wrong'd: But I whose virtues are Constancy and Obedience.

La.

La. Abigail, make a good Fire above to warm me, after my Servants *Exordiums*.

El. Lo. I have heard and ſeen your affability to be ſuch, that the Servants you give Wages to, may ſpeak.

La. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they ſpeak to th' purpoſe.

El. Lo. Miſtreſs, your Will leads my Speeches from the purpoſe. But as a Man———

La. A Simile, Servant! This Room was built for Honeſt-meaners, that deliver themſelves haſtily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordiums*, and *Similes*, and *Metaphors*? If you have ought to ſay, break into't: My Anſwers ſhall very reaſonably meet you.

El. Lo. Miſtreſs, I came to ſee you.

La. That's happily diſpatch'd; the next.

El. Lo. To take leave of you.

La. To be gone?

El. Lo. Yes.

La. You need not have deſpair'd of that, nor have us'd ſo many circumſtances to win me to give you leave to perform my command. Is there a third?

El. Lo. I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

La. I? never apter. Faſt, good Servant, faſt.

El. Lo. 'Twas to entreat you to hear Reaſon.

La. Moſt willingly; Have you brought one that can ſpeak it?

El. Lo. Laſtly, it is to kindle in that barren Heart love and forgiveneſs.

La. You would ſtay at home?

El. Lo. Yes, Lady.

La. Why you may, and doubtleſly will, when you have debated, that your Commander is but your Miſtreſs, a Woman, a weak one, wildly overborn with Paſſions; but the thing by her commanded, is to ſee *Dover*'s dreadful Cliff, paſſing in a poor Water-houſe, the dangers of the mercileſs Channel 'twixt that and *Callis*, five long Hours Sail, with three poor Weeks Victuals.

El. Lo. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an Engliſh Hoſt, to remove from City to City, by moſt chargeable Poſt-horſe, like one that rode in queſt of his Mother-tongue.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. And all theſe (almoſt invincible Labours) performed for your Miſtreſs, to be in danger to forſake her, and put on new Allegiance to ſome French Lady, who is content to change Language with your Laughter; and after your whole year ſpent in Tennis and broken Speech, to ſtand to the hazard of being laught at, at your return, and have Tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. Lowder yet.

El. Lo. You know your leaſt Word is of force to make me ſeek out dangers; move me not with Toys; but in this baniſhment I muſt take leave to ſay you are unjuſt; was one Kiſs forc't from you in publick, by me, ſo unpardonable? Why all the Hours of Day and Night have ſeen us Kiſs.

La.

La. 'Tis true, and so you told the Company that heard me chide.

El. Lo. Your own Eyes were not dearer to you than I.

La. And so you told um.

El. Lo. I did; yet no sign of disgrace need to have stain'd your Cheeck; you your self knew you pure and simple Heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

La. I did; but if a Maids Heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own Face will write her guilty.

El. Lo. But where lay this Disgrace? The World that knew us, knew our Resolutions well; And could it be hop'd, that I should give away my Freedom, and venture a perpetual Bondage with one I never Kist? Or could I in strict Wisdom take too much love upon me, from her that chose me for her Husband?

La. Believe me, if my Wedding-smock were on,
Were the Gloves bought and given, the License come:
Were the Rosemary-branches dipt, and all
The Hippocrass and Cakes eat and drunk off;
Were these two Arms encompast with the Hands
Of Batchelors, to lead me to the Church:
Were my Feet in the Door; were I *John*, said
If *John* should boast a favour done by me,
I would not wed that year: And you I hope,
When you have spent this year commodiously,
In atchieving Languages, will at your return
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine Eyes,
Than such a Friend: More talk I hold not now,
If you dare, go.

El. Lo. I dare, you know. First let me Kiss.

Lady. Farewel, sweet Servant; your Task performed,
On a new ground, as a beginning Sutor,
I shall be apt to hear you.

El. Lo. Farewel cruel Mistress. [*Exit Lady.*

Enter Young Loveless *and* Savill.

Yo Lo. Brother, you'll hazard the losing your Tide to *Gravesend*; you have a long half Mile by Land to *Greenwich*.

El. Lo. I go; But Brother, What yet unheard-of Course to live doth your Imagination flatter you with? Your ordinary means are devour'd.

Yo. Lo. Course; why Horse-coursing I think; consume no time in this; I have no Estate to be mended by meditation; he that busies himself about my Fortunes, may properly be said to busie himself about nothing.

El. Lo. Yet some course you must take, which for my satisfaction resolve and open; If you will shape none, I must inform you, That Man persuades himself he means to live, that imagines not the means.

Yo. Lo. Why I'll live upon others, as others have liv'd upon me.

El. Lo. I apprehend not that; you have fed others, and consequently dispos'd of

of 'um; and the ſame meaſure muſt you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

Yo. Lo. Why, I'll Purſe; if that raiſe me not, I'll Bet at Bowling-Allies, or Man Whores; I would fain live by others; but I'll live whilſt I am unhang'd, and after the thoughts taken.

El. Lo. I ſee you are ty'd to no particular Employment then.

Yo. Lo. 'Faith I may chuſe my courſe; they ſay Nature brings forth none, but ſhe provides for them; I'll try her Liberality.

El. Lo. Well, to keep your Feet out of baſe and dangerous paths, I have reſolved you ſhall live as Maſter of my Houſe. It ſhall be your care, *Savill*, to ſee him fed and cloathed, not according to his preſent Eſtate, but to his Birth and former Fortunes.

Yo. Lo. If it be referr'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation Jerſey Stockings, blew Devil's Breeches, with the Guards down, and my Pocket i'th Sleeves: I'll ne'er look you i'th Face again.

Sav. A comlier Wear I wiſs it is, than thoſe dangling Slops.

El. Lo. To keep you ready to do him all Service peaceably, and him to Command you reaſonably. I leave theſe farther directions in Writing, which at your beſt leiſure together open and read.

Enter Abigail *to them with a Jewel.*

Abig. Sir, My Miſtreſs commends her love to you in this token, and theſe Words; it is a Jewel (ſhe ſays) which as a favour from her ſhe would requeſt you to wear till your years travel be performed; which once expired, ſhe will happily expect your happy return.

El. Lo. Return my Service with ſuch thanks, as ſhe may imagine the Heart of a ſuddenly over-joyed Man would willingly utter; and you (I hope) I ſhall with ſlender Arguments perſuade to wear this Diamond; that when my Miſtreſs ſhall through my long abſence, and the approach of new Sutors, offer to forget me. you may caſt your Eye down to your Finger, and remember and ſpeak of me. She will hear thee better than thoſe allied by Birth to her; as we ſee many Men much ſwayed by the Grooms of their Chambers; not that they have a greater part of their Love or Opinion on them, as on others; but for that they know their Secrets.

Abig. A my Credit I ſwear I think 'twas made for me: Fear no other Sutors.

El. Lo. I ſhall not need to teach you how to diſcredit their beginning, you know how to take Exception at their Shirts at waſhing, or to make the Maids Swear they found Plaiſters in their Bed.

Abig. I know, I know, and do you not fear the Sutors.

El. Lo. Farewel, be mindful, and be happy; the Night calls me.

Exeunt omnes præter Abigail.

Abig. The gods of the Winds befriend you, Sir; a conſtant and a liberal Lover thou art, more ſuch God ſend us.

Enter Welford

Wel. Let 'um not ſtand ſtill, we have rid.

Abig. A Sutor I know by his riding hard: I'll not be ſeen.

Wel. A pretty Hall this: No Servant in't? I would look freſhly.

Abig. You have delivered your Errand to me then; there's no danger in a handſome young Fellow: I'll ſhew my ſelf.

Wel. Lady, May it pleaſe you to beſtow upon a Stranger the ordinary Grace of Salutation. Are you the Lady of this Houſe?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a Servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I ſhould be as proud to be a Servant of yours, did not my ſo late acquaintance make me deſpair.

Abig. Sir, it is not ſo hard to atchieve, but Nature may bring it about.

Wel. For theſe comfortable Words I remain your glad Debtor. Is your Lady at home?

Abig. She is no Stragler, Sir.

Wel. May her occaſions admit me to ſpeak with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

Wel. I know your affable virtue will be moved to perſuade her, that a Gentleman benighted and ſtrayed, offers to be bound to her for a Nights lodging.

Abig. I will commend this Meſſage to her; but if you aim at her Body, you will be deluded; other Women of the Houſhold's of as good Carriage and Government; upon any of which, if you can caſt your affection, they will perhaps be found as Faithful, though not ſo Coy. *Exit* Abigail.

Wel. What a skin full of Luſt is this? I thought I had come a Wooing, and I am the Courted Party. This is right Court-faſhion: Men, Women, and all Woo, catch that catch may. If this ſoft-hearted Woman have infuſed any of her tenderneſs into her Lady, there is hope ſhe will be pliant. But who's here?

Enter Sir Roger *the Curate.*

Rog. God ſave you Sir: My Lady lets you know, ſhe deſires to be acquainted with your Name, before ſhe confer with you.

Wel. Sir, my Name calls me *Welford.*

Rog. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good Name. I'll try his Wit.

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my Anceſtors had this two hundred years, Sir.

Rog. I knew a worſhipful and a religious Gentleman of your Name in the Biſhoprick of *Durham.* Call'd you him Couſin?

Wel. I am only allyed to his Virtues, Sir.

Rog. It is modeſtly ſaid: I ſhould carry the badge of your Chriſtianity with me too.

Wel. What's that, a Croſs? there's a Teſter.

Rog. I mean the Name which your Godfathers and Godmothers gave you at the Font.

Wel.

Wel. 'Tis *Harry*; but you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechism, for you have told me who gave me that Name. Shall I beg your Name?

Rog. Roger.

Wel. What room fill you in this House?

Rog. More rooms than one.

Wel. The more the Merrier: But may my boldness know why your Lady hath sent you to decipher my Name?

Rog. Her own Words were these: To know whether you were a formerly denied Sutor, disguised in this Message: For I can assure you she delights not in *Thalame*: *Hymen* and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste. *Exit Roger.*

Wel. And much speed Sir, I hope: Certainly I am arrived amongst a Nation of new-found Fools, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted wit; if I had foreseen it, I would have laded my Breeches with Bells, Knives, Copper, and Glasses, to Trade with Women for their Virginities; yet I fear I should have betrayed my self to needless charge then. Here comes the walking Night-cap again.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Sir, my Ladies pleasure is to see you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her Sorrow that you must take the pains to come up for so bad Entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your Lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Arts Master.

Rog. I am but a Batchelor of Art, Sir, and I have the mending all under this Roof, from my Lady on her Down-bed, to the Maid in the Pease-straw.

Wel. A Cobler, Sir?

Rog. No, Sir, I do inculcate Divine Homilies within these Walls.

Wel. But the Inhabitants of this House do often employ you on Errands without any scruple of Conscience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the Air many Mornings on Foot three or four Miles for Eggs; but why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your Function to bid my Man neglect his Horse a little to attend on me.

Rog. Most properly, Sir.

Wel. I pray you do so then; and whilst I will attend your Lady. You direct all this House in the true way?

Rog. I do Sir.

Wel. And this door I hope conducts to your Lady?

Rog. Your Understanding is ingenious. *Ex. severally.*

Enter Young Loveless *and* Savill *with a Writing.*

Sa. By your favour, Sir, you shall pardon me.

Yo. La. I shall bear your favour, Sir, cross me no more; I say they shall come in.

Sa. Sir, you forget then who I am?

To. Lo. Sir, I do not; thou art my Brothers Steward, his caſh-off Mill-money, his Kitchen-Arithmetick.

Sa. Sir, I hope you will not make ſo little of me?

To. Lo. I make thee not ſo little as thou art; for indeed there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a fair *Imprimis*, and then a reaſonable *Item* infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sa. Nay, then you ſtir my Duty, and I muſt tell you——

To. Lo. What wouldſt thou tell me how Hops grow? Or hold ſome rotten diſcourſe of Sheep, or when our Lady-day falls? 'Prethee farewell, and entertain my Friends; be drunk, and burn thy Table-books; and my dear Spark of Velvet, thou and I——

Sa. Good Sir remember.

To. Lo. I do remember thee a fooliſh Fellow, one that did put his truſt in Almanacks and Horſe-fairs, and roſe by Honey and Pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sa. Nay then I muſt unfold your Brother's pleaſure; theſe be the leſſons, Sir, he left behind him.

To. Lo. 'Prethee expound the firſt.

Sa. I leave to keep my Houſe Three hundred pounds a year, and my Brother to diſpoſe of it.

To. Lo. Mark that, my wicked Steward, and I diſpoſe of it.

Sa. Whilſt he bears himſelf like a Gentleman, and my credit falls not in him. Mark that, my good young Sir, mark that.

To. Lo. Nay if it be no more, I ſhall fulfil it; whilſt my Legs will carry me, I'll bear my ſelf like a Gentleman; but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward dear Steward.

Sa. Next it is my will, that he be furniſh'd (as my Brother) with Attendance, Apparel, and the obedience of my People.

To. Lo. Steward, this is as plain as your old Minikin Breeches. Your Wiſdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified, or——you underſtand me, Sir? Proceed.

Sa. Yet, that my Steward keep his place, and power, and bound my Brothers wildneſs with his care.

To. Lo. I'll hear no more, this is *Apocrypha*; bind it by it ſelf, Steward.

Sa. This is your Brother's Will; and as I take it, he makes no mention of ſuch company as you would draw unto you, Captains of Galley-foyſts, ſuch as in a clear day have ſeen *Callis*; Fellows that have no more of God, their their Oaths comes to; they wear Swords to reach fire at a Play; and get there the oyl'd end of a Pipe for their Guerdon; then the remnant of your Regiment are wealthy Tobacco-Merchants, that ſet up with one Ounce, and break for three; together with a Forlornhope of Poets: And all theſe look like *Carthuſians*, things without Linnen. Are theſe fit company for my Maſters Brother?

To. Lo. I will either convert thee, O thou Pagan Steward, or preſently confound thee and thy Reckonings. Who's there? Call in the Gentlemen.

Sa. Good Sir.

To.

Yo. Lo. Nay, you ſhall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sa. Are you my Maſters Brother?

Yo. Lo. Are you the ſage Maſter Steward, with a Face like an old *Ephemerides*?

Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller.

Sa. Then God help all, I ſay.

Yo. Lo. I, and 'tis well ſaid, my old Peer of *France*; welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine own dear Lads y'are richly welcome. Know this old *Harry-Groat*.

Capt. Sir, I will take your love.

Sa. Sir, you will take my Purſe.

Capt. And ſtudy to continue it.

Sa. I do believe you.

Travel. Your honourable Friend and Maſters Brother hath given you to us for a worthy Fellow, and ſo we hug you, Sir.

Sa. Has given himſelf into the Hands of Varlets, not to be cary'd out. Sir, are theſe the pieces?

Yo. Lo. They are the Morals of the Age, the Virtues; Men made of Gold.

Sa. Of your Gold you mean, Sir.

Yo. Lo. This is a Man of War, and crys go on, and wears his Colours.

Sa. In's Noſe.

Yo. Lo. In the fragrant Field. This is a Traveller, Sir, knows Men and Manners; and has plow'd up the Sea ſo far, till both the Poles has knock'd; has ſeen the Sun take Coach, and can diſtinguiſh the colour of his Horſes, and their Kinds, and had a *Flanders* Mare lept there.

Sa. 'Tis much.

Trav. I have ſeen more, Sir.

Sa. 'Tis enough a Conſcience; ſit down and reſt you, you are at the end of the World already. Would you had as good a Living Sir, as this Fellow could lye you out of, he has a notable Gift in't.

Yo. Lo. This Miniſters the Smoak, and this the Muſes.

Sa. And you the Cloaths, and Meat, and Money; you have a goodly Generation of 'um, pray let them multiply, your Brother's Houſe is big enough, and to ſay Truth, has too much Land, hang it dirt.

Yo. Lo. Why now thou art a loving Stinkard. Fire off thy Annotations, and thy Rent-Books, thou haſt a weak Brain, *Savil*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three hundred pound a year; we will be freely merry, ſhall we not?

Cap. Merry as Mirth and Wine, my lovely *Loveleſs*.

Poet. A ſerious look ſhall be a Jury to excommunicate any Man from our Company.

Trav. We will not talk wiſely neither.

Yo. Lo. What think you, Gentlemen, by all this Revenue in drink?

Cap. I am all for Drink.

Trav. I am dry till it be ſo.

Poet.

Poet. He that will not cry *Amen* to this, let him live ſober, ſeem wiſe, and dye o'th *Corum.*

Yo. Lo. It ſhall be ſo, wee'l have it all in Drink, let Meat and Lodging go, th'are tranſitory, and ſhew Men meerly Mortal; then we'll have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every week a freſh one; we'll keep no powder'd Fleſh; all theſe we have by Warrant, under the title of Things neceſſary. Here, upon this place I ground it; the obedience of my People, and all neceſſaries. Your Opinions, Gentlemen?

Cap. 'Tis plain and evident he meant Wenches.

Sa. Good Sir let me expound it.

Cap. Here be as ſound Men as your ſelf, Sir, to expound it.

Poet. This do I hold to be the Interpretation of it; in this Word [*Neceſſary*] is concluded all that be Helps to Man; Woman was made the firſt, and therefore here the chiefeſt.

Yo. Lo. Believe me 'tis a learned one; and by theſe Words, [*The Obedience of my People*] you Steward being one, are bound to fetch us Wenches.

Cap. He is, he is.

Yo. Lo. Steward, attend us for Inſtructions.

Sa. But will you keep no Houſe, Sir?

Yo. Lo. Nothing but Drink, Sir; three hundred pounds in Drink.

Sa. O miſerable Houſe, and miſerable I that live to ſee it! Good Sir, keep ſome Meat.

Yo. Lo. Get us good Whores; and for your part, *Sweet*, I'll board you in an Alehouſe; you ſhall have Cheeſe and Onions.

Sa. What ſhall become of me! no Chimney ſmoaking? Well Prodigal, your Brother will come home. *Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Come Lads, I'll warrant you for Wenches; three hundred pounds in Drink.

Omnes. O brave *Loveleſs*! *Exeunt Omnes.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Lady, her Sister Martha, Welford, Abigail, *and others.*

Lady. SIR, now you see your bad Lodging, I must bid you Good-night.

Wel. If there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady. A little sleep will ease that complaint. Once more Good-night.

Wel. Once more, dear Lady, and then all sweet Nights.

Lady. Dear Sir be short and sweet then.

Wel. Shall the Morrow prove better to me? Shall I hope my suit happier by this Nights rest?

Lady. Is your suit so sickly, that rest will help it? Pray ye let it rest then till I call for it. Sir, as a Stranger you have had all my welcome; but had I known your Errand e'er you came, your passage had been straiter. Sir, Good-night. *Exit Lady.*

Wel. So fair and cruel! Dear unkind, Good-night. Nay Sir, you shall stay with me, I'll press your zeal so far.

Rog. O Lord, Sir!

Wel. Do you love Tobacco?

Rog. Surely I love it, but it loveth not me; yet with your reverence I'll be bold.

Wel. Pray light it, Sir. How do ye like it?

Rog. I promise you it is notable stinging geer indeed; it is wet, Sir; Lord how it brings down Rhume.

Wel. Handle it again Sir, you have a warm Text of it.

Rog. Thanks ever promised for it; I promise you it is very powerful, and by a Trope Spiritual, for certainly it moves in sundry places.

Wel. I, it does Sir, and me especially to ask Sir, Why you wear a Night-cap.

Rog. Assuredly I will speak the Truth unto you; you shall understand Sir, that my Head is broken, and by whom, even by that visible Beast the Butler.

Wel. The Butler! certainly he had all his Drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Cassock! The offence, Sir.

Rog. Reproving him at Tre-trip, Sir, for Swearing; you have the total surely.

Wel. You reprov'd him when his rage was set a tilt, and so he crackt your Canons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading. But shall we see these Gentlewomen to Night?

Rog. Have patience, Sir, until our Fellow *Nicholas* be deceas'd, that is, asleep, for so the Word is taken; to sleep, to die; to die, to sleep; a very Figure, Sir.

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewoman?

Rog.

Rog. Not till the Man be in his Bed, his Grave; his Grave, his Bed; the very ſame again, Sir. Our Comick Poet gives the reaſon ſweetly, *Plenus rimarum eſt*, he is full of loop-holes, and will diſcover to our Patroneſs.

Wel. Your Comment, Sir, hath made me underſtand you.

Enter Martha *the Ladies Siſter, and* Abigail *to them with a Poſſet.*

Rog. Sir be addreſt; the Graces do ſalute you with a full Bowl of Plenty. Is our old Enemy entomb'd?

Abig. He's ſafe.

Rog. And does he ſnore out ſupinely with the Poet?

Mar. No, he outſnores the Poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this curteſie ſhall bind a Stranger to you, ever your Servant.

Mar. Sir, my Siſters ſtrictneſs makes not us forget you are a ſtranger, and a Gentleman.

Abig. In ſooth Sir, were I changed into my Lady, a Gentleman ſo well endued with parts, ſhould not be loſt.

Wel. I thank you Gentlewoman, and reſt bound to you.
See how this foul Familiar chews the Cud: from thee and three and fifty, good Love deliver me.

Mar. Will you ſit down and take a Spoon?

Wel. I take it kindly, Lady.

Mar. It is our beſt Banquet, Sir.

Rog. Shall we give Thanks?

Wel. I have to the Gentlewoman already, Sir.

Mar. Good Sir *Roger* keep that breath to cool your part o'th Poſſet, you may chance have a ſcalding zeal elſe; and you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to your ſelf; would you could like this Sir.

Wel. I would your Siſter would like me as well, Lady.

Mar. Sure, Sir, ſhe would not eat you: But baniſh that imagination. She's only wedded to her ſelf, lies with her ſelf, and loves her ſelf; and for another Husband than her ſelf, he may knock at the Gate, but ne'r come in. Be wiſe, Sir, ſhe's a Woman, and a trouble, and has her many Faults, the leaſt of which is, ſhe cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her, ſhe'll do worſe; would I were worthy his leaſt grief, Miſtreſs *Martha.*

Wel. Now I muſt over-hear her.

Mar. 'Faith would thou hadſt them all with all my Heart;
I do not think they would make thee a day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper, 'tis the ſweeter.

Mar. Well ſaid old Sayings.

Wel. She looks like one. Gentlewoman, you keep your Word, your ſweet ſelf has made the bottom ſweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a frolick, dare you change Sir?

Wel. My ſelf for you, to pleaſe you. That ſmile hath turn'd my Stomack

This

This is right the old Emblem of the Moyl cropping of Thiſtles: Lord what a Hunting Head ſhe carries! Sure ſhe has been ridden with a Martingale. Now Love deliver me!

Rog. Do I Dream, or do I wake? Surely I know not: Am I rubb'd off? Is this the way of all my Morning-Prayers? Oh *Roger*, thou art but Graſs, and Woman as a Flower. Did I for this conſume my Quarters in Meditations, Vows, and Wooed her in Heroical Epiſtles? Did I expound the Owl, and undertook with labour and experience the collection of thoſe thouſand pieces conſum'd in Cellars and Tobacco-ſhops, of that our honoured Engliſhman *N. B.*? Have I done this? And am I done thus to? I will end with the Wiſe-man, and ſay, He that holds a Woman, has an Eel by the Tail.

Mar. Sir, 'tis ſo late, and our Entertainment (meaning our Poſſet) by this is grown ſo cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your reſt; let what the Houſe has, be at your command, Sir.

Wel. Sweet reſt be with you, Lady; and to you what you deſire too.

Abig. It ſhould be ſome ſuch good thing like your ſelf then.

Wel. Heaven keep me from that Curſe, and all my Iſſue. Good-night Antiquity. *Exeunt.*

Rog. Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris. But I alone.

Wel. Learned Sir, will you bid my Man come to me? And requeſting a greater meaſure of your Learning, Good-night good Maſter *Roger*.

Rog. Good Sir, Peace be with you. *Exit* Roger.

Wel. Adieu dear *Domine*. Half a dozen ſuch in a Kingdom would make a Man forſwear Confeſſion; for who that had but half his Wits about him, would commit the Counſel of a ſerious Sin, to ſuch a cruel Night-cap? Why how now, ſhall we have an Antique? *Enter Ser.* Whoſe head do you carry upon your Shoulders, that you joſe it ſo againſt the poſt? Is't for your eaſe? Or have you ſeen the Cellar; Where are my Slippers, Sir?

Ser. Here Sir.

Wel. Where Sir? Have you got the Pot-verdugo? Have you ſeen the Horſes, Sir?

Ser. Yes Sir.

Wel. Have they any Meat?

Ser. Faith Sir, they have a kind of wholſome Ruſhes, Hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no Provender?

Ser. Sir, ſo I take it.

Wel. You are merry Sir, and why ſo?

Ser. 'Faith, Sir, here are no Oats to be got, unleſs you'll have 'em in Porridge, the People are ſo mainly given to Spoon-meat; yonder's a caſt of Coach-mares of the Gentlewoman's, the ſtrangeſt Cattel——

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why, they are tranſparent, Sir, you may ſee through them, and ſuch a Houſe.

Wel. Come Sir, the Truth of your diſcovery.

Ser. Sir, they are in Tribes like *Jews*; the Kitchin and the Dairy make one

Tribe, and have their Faction and Fornication within themſelves: The Buttery and the Landry are another, and there's no love loſt: The Chambers are entire; and what's done there, is ſomewhat higher than my knowledge: but this I am ſure, between theſe Copulations a Stranger is kept virtuous, that is faſting. But of all this, the Drink Sir.

Wel. What of that Sir?

Ser. 'Faith Sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This Drink, or this cooling Julip, of which three ſpoonfuls kills the Calenture, a pint breeds the cold Palſie.

Wel. Sir, you be-lye the Houſe.

Ser. I would I did Sir. But as I am a true Man, if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an Aſſes Hoof would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't Sir; for if it had proved ſtronger, you had been tongue-ty'd of theſe commendations. Light me the Candle, Sir, I'll hear no more.

Enter Young Loveleſs *and his Comrades, with Wenches and Two Fidlers.*

Yo. Lo. Come my brave Man of War, trace out thy Darling:
And you my Learned Councel, ſet and turn Boys:
Kiſs till the Cow come Home; kiſs cloſe, kiſs cloſe Knaves.
My Modern Poet, thou ſhalt kiſs in couplets. *Enter with Wine.*
Strike up you merry Varlets, and leave your peeping.
This is no pay for Fidlers.

Cap. O my dear Boy, thy *Hercules*, thy Captain
Makes thee his *Hilas*, his Delight, his Solace.
Love thy brave Man of War, and let thy bounty
Clap him in *Shamois*: Let there be deducted out of our main potation,
Five Marks in hatchments to adorn this Thigh,
Crampt with this reſt of Peace, and I will Fight
Thy Battles.

Yo. Lo. Thou ſhalt have't Boy, and flie in Feather:
Lead on a March, you Michers.

Enter Savill.

Sa. O my Head! O my Heart! What a Noiſe and Change is here! would I had been cold i'th Mouth before this day, and ne'er have liv'd to ſee this Diſſolution. He that lives within a Mile of this place, had as good ſleep in the perpetual noiſe of an Iron Mill. There's a dead Sea of drink i'th Cellar, in which goodly Veſſels lie wrackt; and in the middle of this Deluge appears the tops of Flaggons, and black Jacks, like Churches drown'd i'th Marſhes.

Yo. Lo. What art thou come! My ſweet Sir *Æneas*, welcome to *Troy*. Come, thou ſhalt kiſs my *Hellen*, and Court her in a Dance.

Sa. Good Sir conſider.

Yo. Lo. Shall we conſider, Gentlemen? How ſay you?

Cap. Conſider, that were a ſimple thing i'faith: Conſider! whoſe Morals that? The Man that cryes Conſider, is our Foe, let my Steel know him.

Yo. Lo. Stay thy dead-doing Hand, he must not die yet; 'prethee be calm my *Hellor.*

Cap. Peasant, Slave, thou Groom, compos'd of Grudgings, live and thank this Gentleman, thou hadst seen *Pluto* else. The next *Consider* kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his Word again in a Gallon of Sack.

Poet. 'Tis but a snuff, make it two Gallons, and let him do it Kneeling in Repentance.

Sa. Nay rather kill me, there's but a Lay-man lost. Good Captain do your Office.

Yo. Lo. Thou shalt Drink Steward; Drink and Dance my Steward. Strike him a Horn-pipe Squeakers; take thy Striver, and pace her till she Stew.

Sa. Sure, Sir, I cannot Dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for me; Pray break my Head, and let me go.

Cap. He shall Dance, he shall Dance.

Yo. Lo. He shall Dance, and Drink, and be Drunk; and Dance, and be Drunk again; and shall see no Meat in a year.

Poet. And three quarters.

Yo. Lo. And three quarters be it.

Cap. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Enter Elder Loveless *disguised.*

Sa. Some to deliver me, I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God save you all; my business is to one Master *Loveless.*

Cap. This is the Gentleman you mean; view him, and take his Inventory, he's a right one.

El. Lo. He promises no less, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Sir, your business?

El. Lo. Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loath; yet I am sworn to't: Would some other Tongue would speak it for me.

Yo. Lo. Out with it a God's Name.

El. Lo. All I desire, Sir, is the patience and sufferance of a Man; and good Sir be not mov'd more.

Yo. Lo. Then a Pottle of Sack will do; here's my Hand; 'prethee thy business?

El. Lo. Good Sir excuse me; and whatsoever you hear, think must have been known unto you; and be your self discreet, and bear it nobly.

Yo. Lo. 'Prethee dispatch me.

El. Lo. Your Brother's dead Sir.

Yo. Lo. Thou dost not mean Dead Drunk?

El. Lo. No, no, Dead and Drown'd at Sea Sir.

Yo. Lo. Art sure he's Dead?

El. Lo. Too sure Sir.

Yo. Lo. I but art thou very certainly sure of it?

El. Lo. As sure Sir as I tell it.

Yo. Lo. But art thou sure he came not up again?

El. Lo. He may come up, but ne'er to call you Brother.

Yo. Lo. But art ſure he had Water enough to drown him?

El. Lo. Sure Sir he wanted none.

Yo. Lo. I would not have him want, I lov'd him better; here, I forgive thee; and i'faith be plain, How do I bear it?

El. Lo. Very wiſely, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Fill him ſome Wine. Thou doſt not ſee me mov'd; theſe tranſitory toys ne'er trouble me; he's in a better place, my Friend, I know't. Some Fellows would have cry'd now, and have curſt thee, and faln out with their Meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helps not, he was too good for us, and let God keep him; there's the right uſe on't, Friend. Off with thy drink, thou haſt a ſpice of Sorrow makes thee dry, fill him another. *Savill*, your Maſters dead, and who am I now, *Savill*? Nay, let's all bear it well; wipe, *Savill*, wipe, tears are but thrown away; we ſhall have Wenches now, ſhall we not *Savill*?

Sa. Yes Sir.

Yo. Lo. And drink innumerable?

Sa. Yes forſooth Sir.

Yo. Lo. And you'll ſtrain cur'ſie, and be drunk a little.

Sa. I will ſtrive, Sir, to do my weak endeavour.

Yo. Lo. You may be brought in time to love a Wench too.

Sa. In time the ſturdy Oak, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Some more Wine for my Friend there.

El. Lo. I ſhall be drunk anon for my good News; but I have a loving Brother, that's my comfort.

Yo. Lo. Here's to you, Sir, this is the worſt I wiſh you for your News; and if I had another elder Brother, and ſay it were his chance to feed Haddocks, I ſhould be ſtill the ſame you ſee me now, a poor contented Gentleman. More Wine for my Friend there, he's dry again.

El. Lo. I ſhall be, if I follow this beginning. Well, my dear Brother, if I 'ſcape this drowning, 'tis your turn next to ſink, you ſhall duck twice before I help you. Sir, I cannot drink more; pray you let me have your pardon.

Yo. Lo. O Lord, Sir, 'tis your modeſty; more Wine, give him a bigger Glaſs; hug him my Captain, thou ſhalt be my chief Mourner.

Cap. And this my Penon, Sir, a full carouſe to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

El. Lo. I feel a buzzing in my brains; pray God I bear this out, and I'll ne'er trouble them ſo far again. Here's to you, Sir.

Yo. Lo. To my dear Steward; down a your Knees you Infidel, you Pagan, be Drunk and Penitent.

Sa. Forgive me, Sir, and I'll be any thing.

Yo. Lo. Then be a Bawd, I'll have thee a brave Bawd.

El. Lo. Sir, I muſt take my leave of you, my buſineſs is ſo urgent.

Yo. Lo. Let's have a bridling caſt before you go. Fill's a new ſtoop.

El. Lo. I dare not Sir, by no means.

Yo. Lo. Have you any mind to a Wench? I would fain gratifie you for the pains you took, Sir.

El. Lo. As little as to the tother.

Yo. Lo. If you find any ſtirring, do but ſay ſo.

El. Lo. Sir, you are too bounteous; when I feel that itching, you ſhall aſſwage it, Sir, before another; this only, and farewel Sir. Your Brother, when the ſtorm was moſt extream, told all about him, he left a Will, which lies cloſe behind a Chimney in the Matted Chamber. And ſo as well, Sir, as you have made me able, I take my leave.

Yo. Lo. Let us embrace him all; if you grow dry before you end your buſineſs, pray take a bait here; I have a freſh Hogs-head for you.

Sa. You ſhall neither will nor chuſe Sir. My Maſter is a wonderful fine Gentleman, has a fine ſtate, a very fine ſtate, Sir; I am his Steward Sir, and his Man.

El. Lo. Would you were your own, Sir, as I left you.
Well, I muſt caſt about, or all ſinks.

Sa. Farewel Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

El. Lo. What would you with me Sir?

Sa. Farewel Gentleman.

El. Lo. O ſleep Sir, ſleep. *Exit. El. Lo.*

Yo. Lo. Well Boys, you ſee what's falⁿ, let's in and Drink, and give thanks for it.

Sa. Let's in and Drink, and give thanks for it.

Yo. Lo. Drunk as I live.

Sa. Drunk as I live, Boys.

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art able to diſcharge thine Office, and caſt up a Reckoning of ſome weight; I will be Knighted, for my State will bear it, 'tis ſixteen hundred, Boys. Off with your huſks, I'll skin you all in Sattin.

Cap. O ſweet *Loveleſs.*

Sa. All in Sattin! O ſweet *Loveleſs!*

Yo. Lo. March in, my Noble Compeers; and this my Counteſs ſhall be led by two; and ſo proceed we to the Will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Morecraft *the Uſurer, and Widow.*

Mor. And Widow, as I ſay, be you your own Friend; your Husband left you wealthy, I and wiſe; continue ſo, ſweet Duck, continue ſo. Take heed of young ſmooth Varlets, younger Brothers; they are Worms that will eat through your Bags; they are very Lighting, that with a flaſh or two will melt your Money, and never ſinge your Purſe-ſtrings: They are Colts, (Wench) Colts heady and dangerous, till we take 'um up, and make 'um fit for Bonds. Look upon me, I have had, and have yet matter of moment, Girl; matter of moment; you may meet with a worſe back, I'll not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither, Sir.

Mor. Yet thus far by your favour, Widow, 'tis tuff.

Wid. And therefore not for my Diet: for I love a tender one.

Mor. Sweet Widow, leave your frumps, and be edified; you know my ſtate; I ſell no Perſpectives, Scarfs, Gloves, nor Hangers, nor put my truſt in ſhoo-tyes; and where your Husband in an Age was riſing by burnt figs, dreg'd with Meal, and powder'd Sugar, Saunders, and Grains, Worm-ſeed, and rotten Raiſins, and ſuch vile Tobacco, that made the Foot-men mangy: I in a year

year have put up hundreds incles'd. My Widow, those pleasant Meadows, by a forfeit Mortgage, for which the poor Knight takes a lone Chamber, owes for his Ale, and dares not beat his Hostess: Nay more——

Widow. Good Sir, no more; what e'er my Husband was, I know what I am; and if you Marry me, you must bear it bravely off Sir.

Mor. Not with the Head, sweet Widow.

Wid. No sweet Sir, but with your Shoulders: I must have you dub'd, for under that I will not stoop a Feather. My Husband was a Fellow lov'd to toyl, fed ill, made Gain his Exercise, and so grew Costive, which for I was his Wife, and gave way to, and spun mine own Smocks course, and Sir, so little; but let that pass; Time, that wears all things out, wore out this Husband, who in penitence of such fruitless five years Marriage, left me great with his Wealth; which if you'll be a worthy Gossip to, be Knighted, Sir.

Enter Savill.

Mor. Now Sir, from whence come you? Whose Man are you Sir?

Sav. Sir, I come from young Master *Loveless.*

Mor. Be silent, Sir, I have no Money, not a Penny for you; he's sunk, your Master's sunk, a perisht Man, Sir.

Sa. Indeed his Brother's sunk, Sir, God be with him, a perisht Man indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

Mor. How saidst thou, good my Friend, his Brother drown'd!

Sa. Untimely Sir, at Sea.

Mor. And thy young Master left sole Heir.

Sa. Yes Sir.

Mor. And he wants Money.

Sa. Yes, and sent me to you, for he is now to be Knighted.

Mor. Widow be Wise, there's more Land coming. Widow, be very Wise, and give Thanks for me, Widow.

Wid. Be you very Wise, and be Knighted, and then give Thanks for me Sir.

Sa. What says your Worship to this Money?

Mor. I say he may have the Money if he please.

Sa. A Thousand Sir.

Mor. A Thousand Sir, provided my Wife Sir, his Land lie for the payment; otherwise.

Enter Young Loveless, *and Comrades to them.*

Sa. He's here himself Sir, and can better tell you.

Mor. My notable dear Friend, and worthy Master *Loveless*, and now Right Worshipful, all joy and welcome.

Yo. Lo. Thanks to my dear Incloser, Master *Moneycraft*, prethee old Angel-gold, salute my Family, I'll do as much for thine; this and your own desires fair Gentlewoman.

Wid. And yours Sir, if you mean well. 'Tis a handsome Gentleman.

Yo. Lo. Sirrah, my Brother's dead.

Mor. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Dead, and by this time Sous't for Ember-week.

Mor. Dead! *Yo.*

Yo. Lo. Drown'd! Drown'd at Sea Man! by the next fresh Conger that comes we shall hear more.

Mor. Now by the Faith of my Body it moves me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Ass, and weep for the Dead? Why I thought nothing but a general Inundation would have mov'd thee; 'prethee be quiet, he hath left his Land behind him.

Mor. Oh! has he so!

Yo. Lo. Yes 'faith, I thank him for't, I have all Boy; hast any ready Money?

Mor. Will you sell, Sir?

Yo. Lo. No, not out right, good Gripe; Marry, a Mortgage, or such a slight security.

Mor. I have no Money fit for Mortgage; if you will sell, and all or none, I'll work a new Mine for you.

Sa. Good Sir look afore you, he'll work you out of all else; if you sell your Land, you have sold your Country, and then you must to Sea, to seek your Brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering Tub, and break your Teeth with Biskets and hard Beef, that must have watering, Sir; and where's your Three hundred pounds a year in drink then? If you'll turn up the *Streights*, you may; for you have no calling for drink there, but with a Cannon; nor no scoring but on your Ship sides; and then if you 'scape with Life, and take a Faggot Boat, and a Bottle of *Usquebagh*, come home poor Man, like a type of *Thamestreet*, stinking of Pitch and *Poor John*. I cannot tell Sir, I would be loath to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an Ass, a meazel'd Mungrel; and were it not against the Peace of my Soveraign Friend here, I would break your fore-casting Coxcomb, Dog I would, even with thy staff of Office there, thy Pen and Inkhorn. Noble Boy, the God of Gold here has fed thee well, take Money for thy Dirt: Hark and believe, thou art cold of Constitution, thy Seat unhealthful; sell and be wise; we are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own Heart, Child: Mirth shall be only ours, and only ours shall be the black-ey'd Beauties of the time. Money makes Men immortal.

Poet. Do what you will, 'tis the noblest course; then you may live without the charge of People, only we four will make a Family; I, and an Age that will beget new *Annals*, in which I'll write thy Life, my Son of Pleasure, equal with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

Yo. Lo. What Men were they, Captain?

Cap. Two roaring Boys of *Rome* that made all split.

Yo. Lo. Come Sir, what dare you give?

Sa. You will not sell, Sir?

Yo. Lo. Who told you so, Sir?

Sa. Good Sir have a care.

Yo. Lo. Peace, or I'll tack your tongue up to your roof. What Money? speak.

Mor. Six thousand pounds, Sir.

Cap. Take it, he has overbidden by this Hand; bind him to his bargain quickly

Yo. Lo. Come strike me luck with Earnest, and draw the Writings.

Mor. There is six Angels in earnest.

Sa. Sir, for my old Masters sake let my Farm be excepted; if I become his Tenant,

Tenant, I am undone, my Children Beggars, and my Wife God knows what; conſider me, dear Sir.

Mor. I'll have all or none.

To Lo. All in, all in, diſpatch the Writings. *Exit with Com.*

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed Fellow; would thou wert wiſer.

Sa. Now do I ſenſibly begin to feel my ſelf a Raſcal; would I could teach a School, or beg, or lye well; I am utterly undone; now he that taught thee to deceive and cozen, take thee to his Mercy. *Exit* Sav.

Mor. Come Widow, come, never ſtand upon a Knighthood, 'tis a meer Paper Honour, and not proof enough for a Sergeant. Come, come, I'll make thee—

Wid. To anſwer in ſhort, 'tis this Sir, no Knight, no Widow; if you make me any thing, it muſt be a Lady: And ſo I take my leave.

Mor. Farewel ſweet Widow, and think of it.

Wid. Sir, I do more than think of it, it makes me Dream, Sir. *Ex. Wid.*

Mor. She's rich and ſober, if this itch were from her; and ſay I be at the charge to pay the Footmen and the Trumpets, I and the Horſemen too, and be a Knight, and ſhe refuſe me then; then am I hoiſt into the Subſidy, and ſo by conſequence ſhould prove a Coxcomb: I'll have a care of that. Six thouſand pound, and then the Land is mine. There's ſome refreſhing yet. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Abigail, *and drops her Glove.*

Abig. IF he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me he's Man enough, up goes my reſt, and I know I ſhall draw him.

Wel. This is the ſtrangeſt pamper'd piece of Fleſh towards fifty, that ever frailty cop't withal; what a trim *lenvoy* here ſhe has put upon me! theſe Women are a proud kind of Cattel, and love this Whoreſon doing ſo directly, that they will not ſtick to make their very skins Bawds to their Fleſh. Here's Dog-skin and Storax ſufficient to kill a Hawk; what to do with it, beſides nailing it up amongſt *Iriſh* Heads of Teer, to ſhew the mightineſs of her palm, I know not; there ſhe is. I muſt enter into Dialogue. Lady, you have loſt your Glove.

Abig. No Sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my meaning, Lady, to reſtore it.

Abig. It will be uncivil in me to take back a Favour Fortune hath ſo well beſtowed; Sir, pray wear it for me.

Wel. I had rather wear a Bell. But hark you Miſtreſs, what hidden virtue is there in this Glove, that you would have me wear it? Is't good againſt ſore Eyes?

Eyes? Or will it charm the Tooth-ake? Or these red tops being steept in White-wine Soluble, wil't kill the Itch? Or has it so much of Providence to keep my Hand from Bonds? If it have none of these, and prove no more but a bare Glove of half a Crown a pair, 'twill be but half a curtese, I wear two always; 'faith let's draw cuts, one will do me no pleasure.

Abig. The tenderness of his years keeps him as yet in ignorance; he's a well moulded Fellow, and I wonder his Blood should stir no higher; but 'tis his want of company, I must grow nearer to him.

Enter Elder Loveless *disguised.*

El. Lo. God save you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir: This is somewhat rude; how came you hither?

El. Lo. Why through the Doors, they are open.

Wel. What are you? and what business have you here?

El. Lo. More I believe than you have.

Abig. Who would this Fellow speak with? Art thou sober?

El. Lo. Yes, I come not here to sleep.

Wel. 'Prethee what art thou?

El. Lo. As much (gay Man) as thou art; I am a Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

El. Lo. Yes, more than thou dar'st be, a Soldier.

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrel?

El. Lo. No, not with Women; I come here to speak with a Gentlewoman.

Abig. Why I am one.

El. Lo. But not with one so gentle.

Wel. This is a fine Fellow.

El. Lo. Sir, I am not fine yet, I am but new come over; direct me with your Ticket to your Taylor, and then I shall be fine Sir. Lady, if there be a better of your Sex within this House, I say I would see her.

Abig. Why; am not I good enough for you, Sir?

El. Lo. Your way you'll be too good; pray end my business. This is another Sutor. O frail Woman!

Wel. This Fellow with his bluntness hopes to do more than the long suits of a thousand could; though he be sowre, he's quick, I must not trust him. Sir, this Lady is not to speak with you, she is more serious; you smell as if you were new chalkt; go and be handsome, and then you may sit with the Serving-men.

El. Lo. What are you, Sir?

Wel. Troth guess by my outside.

El. Lo. Then I take you, Sir, for some new silken thing wean'd from the Country, that shall (when you come to keep good company) be beaten into better manners. Pray good proud Gentlewoman, help me to your Mistress.

Abig. How many lives hast thou, that thou talkest thus rudely?

El. Lo. But one, one; I am neither Cat nor Woman.

Wel. And will that one Life, Sir, maintain you ever in such bold sawciness?

El. Lo. Yes, amongst a Nation of such Men as you are, and be no worse for wearing. Shall I speak with this Lady?

Abig. No by my troth shall you not.
El. Lo. I must stay here then.
Wel. That you shall not neither.
El. Lo. Good fine thing tell me why?
Wel. Good angry thing I'll tell you:
This is no place for such Companions:
Such lowsie Gentlemen shall find their business
better i'th' Suburbs; there your strong pitch-perfume,
Mingled with lees of Ale, shall reek in fashion.
This is no *Thames-street*, Sir.
Abig. This Gentleman informs you truly.
'Prethee be satisfied, and seek the Suburbs,
Good Captain, or what ever Title else
The warlike Eel boats have bestowed upon thee,
Go and reform thy self, 'prethee be sweeter,
And know my Lady speaks with no such Swabbers.
El. Lo. You cannot talk me out with your Tradition
Of Wit you pick from Plays; go to, I have found ye,
And for you, tender Sir, whose gentle Blood
Runs in your Nose, and makes you snuff at all
But three pil'd People; I do let you know
He that begot your Worship's Sattin Suit,
Can make no Men, Sir; I will see this Lady,
And with the reverence of your Silkenship,
In these old Ornament.
Wel. You will not sure.
El. Lo. Sure, Sir, I shall.
Abig. You would be beaten out.
El. Lo. Indeed I would not, or if I would be beaten,
Pray who shall beat me; This good Gentleman
Looks as he were o'th Peace.
Wel. Sir, you shall see that; will you get you out?
El. Lo. Yes that, that shall correct your Boys Tongue.
Dare you fight? I will stay here still. *They draw.*
Abig. O their things are out! help, help for God's sake.
Madam, they foin at one another.
Madam! why who is within there?

Enter Lady.

Lady. Who breeds this rudeness?
Wel. This uncivil Fellow:
He says he comes from Sea, where I believe
H'as purg'd away his Manners.
Lady. Why, what of him?
Wel. Why he will rudely, without once God bless you,
Press to your Privacies; and no denial
Must stand betwixt your Person and his business:
Let go his ill Language.

Lady.

Lady. Sir, have you business with me?

El. Lo. Madam, some I have,
But none so serious to pawn my Life for't;
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you
Such Knights o'th *Sun* as this is, to defie
Men of Employment to ye, you may live,
But in what Fame?

La. Pray stay Sir; who has wrong'd you?

El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He flung his wild Words at me: But to you,
I think he did no Honour. to deny
The haste I come withal, a passage to you,
Though I seem course.

Lady. Excuse me gentle Sir, 'twas from my knowledge,
And shall have no protection. And to you, Sir,
You have shew'd more Heat than Wit; and from your self
Have borrowed Power I never gave you here,
To do those wild unmanly things: My House
Is no blind Street to swagger in; and my Favours
Not doting yet on your unknown deserts,
So far, that I should make you Master of my business.
My credit yet stands fairer with the People,
Than to be try'd with Sword. And they that come
To do me service, must not think to win me,
With a hazard of a Murther. If your love
Consist in fury, carry it to the Camp,
And there in Honour of some common Mistress,
Shorten your Youth. I pray be better temper'd,
And give me leave a while Sir.

Wel. You must have it. *Exit* Welford.

Lady. Now Sir, your business?

El. Lo. First, I thank you for Schooling this young Fellow,
Whom his own follies, which are prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him a way to his repentance.
Next, I should rail at you; but you are a Woman,
And anger's lost upon you.

Lady. Why at me, Sir?
I never did you wrong; for, to my knowledge,
This is the first sight of you.

El. Lo. You have done that,
I must confess I have the least share in,
Because the least acquaintance: But there be
(If there be Honour in the minds of Men)
Thousands, when they shall know what I deliver,
(As all good Men must share in't) will to shame
Blast your black Memory.

Lady. How is this, good Sir.

El. Lo. 'Tis that, that if you have a Soul, will choak it.
Y'have kill'd a Gentleman.

Lady. I kill'd a Gentleman!

El. Lo. You and your Cruelty have kill'd him, Woman,
And such a Man (let me be angry in't)
Whose least worth weighed above all Women's Virtues
That are: I spare you all to come too.

Lady. I am so innocent, I cannot Sir.

El. Lo. Repent you mean: Are you a perfect Woman,
And, as the first was, made for Man's undoing?

Lady. Sir, you have mist your way, I am not she.

El. Lo. Would he had mist his way too, though he had
Wander'd farther than Women are ill spoken of,
So he had mist this Misery, you Lady.

Lady. How do you do, Sir?

El. Lo. Well enough, I hope,
While I can keep my self from temptations.

Lady. Pray leap into the next: Whither would ye?

El. Lo. You had a Servant that your peevishness
Injoin'd to Travel.

Lady. Such a one I have
Still, and should be griev'd 'twere otherwise.

El. Lo. Then have your asking, and be griev'd, he's dead:
How you will answer for his worth, I know not:
But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both
Were stark mad; else he might have liv'd
To have given a stronger Testimony to the World
Of what he might have been. He was a Man
I knew but in his Evenining, ten Suns after
Forc'd by Tyrant-storm, our beaten Bark
Bulg'd under us; in which sad parting blow,
He call'd upon his Saint, but not for help,
On you unhappy Woman; and whilst all
Sought to preserve their Souls, he desperately
Imbrac'd a Wave, crying to all that saw it,
If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me
To this untimely end, and make her happy:
His name was *Loveless*; and I scap'd the storm,
And now you have my business.

Lady. 'Tis too much.
Would I had been that storm, he had not perish'd.
If you'll rail now, I will forgive you Sir.
Or if you'll call in more, if any more
Come from his ruine, I shall justly suffer
What they can say. I do confess my self
A guilty cause in this. I would say more,

But

But grief is grown too great to be delivered.

El. Lo. I like this well; these Women are strange things;
'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep;
You should have wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with these tears at home.

Lady. Would you had told me then so, these two Arms had been his Sea.

El. Lo. Trust me, you move me much; but say he lived, these were forgotten things again.

La. I, say you so? Sure I should know that voice; this is Knavery, I'll fit you for it. Were he living, Sir, I would persuade you to be charitable, I, and confess we are not all so ill as your opinion holds us. Oh my Friend, what Pennance shall I put upon my Fault, upon my most unworthy self for this?

El. Lo. Leave them to others, 'twas some jealousie that turn'd him desperate.

Lady. I'll be with you straight; Are you wrung there?

El. Lo. This works amain upon her.

Lady. I do confess there is a Gentleman has born me long good will.

El. Lo. I do not like that.

Lady. And vowed a thousand services to me, to me regardless of him: But since Fate, that no Power can withstand, has taken from me my first and best Love, and to weep away my Youth is a meer folly, I will shew you what I determine Sir, you shall know all: Call Mr. *Welford* there. That Gentleman I mean to make the Model of my Fortunes, and in his chaste Embraces keep alive the Memory of my lost lovely *Loveless*: He is somewhat like him too.

El. Lo. Then you can love?

Lady. Yes certainly Sir.
Though it please you to think me hard and cruel,
I hope I shall peswade you otherwise.

El. Lo. I have made my self a fine Fool.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Would you have spoken with me, Madam?

Lady. Yes Mr. *Welford*, and I ask your pardon before this Gentleman, for being forward; this Kiss, and henceforth more affection.

El. Lo. So, 'tis better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel. This is a sudden passion, God hold it.
This Fellow out of his fear, sure has
Perswaded her. I'll give him a new suit on't.

Lady. A parting Kiss, and Good Sir let me pray you
To wait me in the Gallery.

Wel. I am in another World, Madam, where you please. *Ex.* Welf.

El. Lo. I will to Sea, an't shall go hard but I'll be drown'd indeed.

Lady. Now Sir you see I am no such hard-hearted Creature.
But time may win me.

El. Lo. You have forgot your lost Love.

Lady. Alas Sir, What would you have me to do? I cannot call him back again with sorrow; I'll love this Man as dearly, and best row me I'll keep him far enough from Sea; and 'twas told me, now I remember me, by an old wise Woman, that my first Love should be drown'd; and see, 'tis come about.

El. Lo. I would she had told you, your second should be hang'd too, and let that come about. But this is very strange?

Lady. Faith Sir, consider all, and then I know you'll be of my Mind. If weeping could redeem him, I would weep still.

El. Lo. But say that I were *Loveless*, And 'scap't the storm, how would you answer this?

Lady. Why for that Gentleman I would leave all the World.

El. Lo. This young thing too!

Lady. This young thing too, Or any young thing else: why, I would lose my state.

El. Lo. Why then he lives still, I am he, your *Loveless*.

Lady. Alas I knew it Sir, and for that purpose prepared this Pageant; get you to your task, and leave these Players trick, or I shall leave you, indeed I shall. Travel, or know me not.

El. Lo. Will you then Marry?

Lady. I will not promise, take your choice. Farewel.

El. Lo. There is no other Purgatory but a Woman. I must do something. *Exit* Loveless.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Mistress, I am bold.

Lady. You are indeed.

Wel. You so overjoyed me, Lady.

Lady. Take heed you surfeit not; pray fast and welcome.

Wel. By this light you love me extreamly.

Lady. By this light and to morrows light I care not for you.

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.

Lady. Indeed I can, where you shall never find it.

Wel. I like this Mirth well, Lady.

Lady. You shall have more on't anon.

Wel. I must Kiss you.

Lady. No, Sir.

Wel. Indeed I must.

Lady. What must be, must be: I'll take my leave; you have your parting blow; I pray commend me to those few Friends you have, that sent you hither, and tell them, When you travel next, 'twere fit you brought less Bravery with you, and more Wit; you'll never get a Wife else.

Wel. Are you in earnest?

Lady Yes faith. Will you eat Sir? Your Horses will be ready straight; you shall have a Napkin laid in the Buttery for ye.

Wel. Do not you love me then?

Lady. Yes for that Face.

Wel. It is a good one, Lady.

Lady. Yes, if it were not warpt; the first time may mend it.

Wel. Methinks yours is none of the best, Lady.

Lady. No by my troth Sir, yet o'my Conscience You would make shift with it.

Wel. Come pray no more of this.

Lady.

Lady. I will not, Dare you well. Ho, who's within there? Bring out the Gentleman's Horses, he's in haste; and let some cold meat on the Table.

Wel. I have too much of that, I thank you Lady; take your Chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you, Lady.

Lady. Farewel young Man. *Exit Lady.*

Wel. You have made me one; Farewel, and may the Curse of a great House fall upon thee, I mean the Butler. The Devil and all his Works are in these Women; would all of my Sex were of my Mind, we would make 'um a new *Lent*, and a long one, that Flesh might be in more reverence with them.

Enter Abigail *to him.*

Ab. I am sorry Master *Welford.*

Wel. So am I, that thou art here.

Abig. How does my Lady use you?

Wel. As I would use thee, scurvily.

Abig. I should have been more kind, Sir.

Wel. I should have been undone then. Pray leave me, and look to your sweetmeats. Hark, your Lady calls.

Abig. Sir, I shall borrow so much time without offence.

Wel. Thou art nothing but offence; for love's sake leave me.

Abig. 'Tis strange my Lady should be such a Tyrant.

Wel. To send you to me; pray go stitch, good do, y'are more trouble to me than a Term.

Abig. I do not know how my good will (if I said love, I lyed not) should any way deserve this.

Wel. A thousand ways, a thousand ways; sweet Creature let me depart in Peace

Abig. What Creature, Sir? I am a Woman.

Wel. A hundred, I think by your noise.

Abig. Since you are angry, Sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a Woman, and a rib

Wel. Of a roasted Horse.

Abig. Conster me that.

Wel. A Dog can do it better; farewel Countess, and commend me to your Lady, tell her sh's proud and scurvey; and so I commit you both to your Tempter

Abig. Sweet Master *Welford.*

Wel. Avoid old *Satanus*: Go daub your ruins; thy Face looks fouler than a Storm; the Foot-man stays you in the Lobby, Lady.

Abig. If you were a Gentleman, I should know it by your gentle conditions; are these fit Words to give a Gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for ye. Sirrah! my Horses! Farewel old Adage, keep your Nose warm, the Rheume will make it horn else. *Ex.* Wel.

Abig. The Blessings of a Prodigal young Heir be thy Companion, *Welford*, Marry come up my Gentleman, are your Gums grown so tender, they cannot bite? A skittish Filly will be your Fortune, *Welford*, and fair enough for such a Pack-saddle. And I doubt not (if my aim hold) to see her made to amble to your Hand. *Exit* Abig.

Enter Young Loveless *and Comrades*, Morecraft, Widow, Savill, *and the rest.*

Cap. Save thy brave Shoulder, my young puissant Knight; and may thy

Back-

Backsword bite them to the bone that love thee not; thou art an errant Man, go on. The circumcised shall fall by thee. Let Land and Labour till the Man that tills, thy Sword must be thy Plow, and *Jove* it speed. *Mecha* shall sweat, and *Mahomet* shall fall, and thy dear Name fill up his Monument.

Yo. Lo. It shall Captain, I mean to be a Worthy.

Cap. One Worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

Mor. Captain, I shall deserve some of your love too, I hope.

Cap. Thou shalt have Heart and Hand too, Noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend me Money. I am a Man of Garrison, be ral'd, and open to me those Infernal Gates, whence none of thy evil Angels pass again, and I will stile thee Noble; nay *Don Diego*, I will woo thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight shall Feast her with high Meats, and make her apt.

Mor. Pardon me Captain; y'are beside my meaning.

Yo. Lo. No Mr. *Morecraft*, 'tis the Captains meaning I should prepare her for ye.

Cap. Or provoke her.

Speak my modern Man, I say provoke her.

Poet. Captain, I say so too; or stir her to it; so say the Criticks.

Yo. Lo. But howsoever you expound it Sir, she's very welcome, and this shall serve for Witness. And Widow, since y'are come so happily, you may deliver up the Keys, and free possession of this House, whilst I stand by to ratifie.

Wid. I had rather give it back again, believe me.

'Tis a misery to say you had it. Take heed.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis past that, Widow; come sit down, some Wine there; there is a scurvy Banquet, if we had it. Mr. *Morecraft*, all this fair House is yours, Sir. *Savil*?

Sav. Yes Sir.

Yo. Lo. Are your Keys ready? I must ease your burthen.

Sav. I am ready Sir to be undone, when you shall call me to't.

Yo. Lo. Come, come, thou shalt live better.

Sav. I shall have less to do, that's all; there is half a dozen of my Friends i'th Fields sunning against a bank, with half a breech among 'um, I shall be with 'um shortly. The care and continual vexation of being rich, eat up this Rascal; what shall become of my poor Family? they are no Sheep, and yet they must keep themselves.

Yo. Lo. Drink Mr. *Morecraft*, pray be merry all: Nay, and you will not drink, there's no Society. Captain, speak loud, and drink. Widow, a word?

Cap. Expound her throughly, Knight. Here god a gold, here's to thy fair Possessions. Be a Baron, and a bold one: Leave off your tickling of young Heirs like Trouts, and let thy Chimneys smoke, feed Men o'War, live and be honest, and be saved yet.

Mor. I thank you worthy Captain for your Counsel; you keep your Chimneys smoaking there, your Nostrils; and when you can, you feed a Man of War; this makes you not a Baron, but a Bare one; and how or when you shall be saved, let the Clerk o'th Company you have commanded, have a just care of.

Poet. The Man is much moved. Be not angry Sir, but as the Poet sings. Let your displeasure be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home and bitterly to me, Sir: Captain, take truce, the Miser is a tart and witty Whorson. *Cap.*

Cap. Poet, you fain perdie; the Wit of this Man lies in his Fingers ends, he muſt tell all; his Tongue fills his Mouth like a Nears-tongue, and only ſerves to lick his hungry Chaps after a Purchaſe; his Brains and Brimſtone are the Devils diet to a fat Uſurers Head; to her Knight, to her, clap her abourd, and ſtow her. Where's the brave Steward?

Sav. Here's your poor Friend and *Savil*, Sir.

Cap. Away, th'art rich in tenements of Nature. Firſt in thy Face, thou haſt a ſerious Face, a betting, bargaining, and ſaving Face, a rich Face; pawn it to the Uſurer; a Face to kindle the compaſſion of the moſt ignorant and frozen Juſtice.

Sav. 'Tis ſuch I ſhall not dare to ſhew it ſhortly, Sir.

Cap. Be blithe and bonny Steward. Mr. *Morecraft*. Drink to this Man of reckoning.

Mor. Here's e'ne to him.

Sav. The Devil guide it downward; would there were i'nt an Aker of the great Broom Field he bought, to ſweep your dirty Conſcience, or to choak you, 'tis all one to me, Uſurer.

Yo. Lo. Conſider what I told you, you are young, unapt for worldly buſineſs: Is it fit one of ſuch tenderneſs, ſo delicate, ſo contrary to things of care, ſhould ſtir and break her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of Angels, or a new Kirtle, though it be Sattin? Eat by the hope of Surfeits, and lie down only in expectation of a Morrow, that may undo ſome eaſie-hearted Fool, or reach a Widow's Curſes; let out Money whoſe Uſe returns the Principal; and get out of theſe Troubles, a conſuming Heir; for ſuch a one muſt follow neceſſary, you ſhall die hated, if not old and miſerable; and that poſſeſt Wealth that you got with pining, live to ſee tumbled to anothers Hands, that is no more a-kin to you, than you to his Cozenage.

Wid. Sir, you ſpeak well, would God that Charity had firſt begun here.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis yet time. Be merry; methinks you want Wine there, there's more i'th Houſe. Captain, where reſts the Health.

Cap. It ſhall go round Boy.

Yo. Lo. Say you can ſuffer this, becauſe the end points at much profit, can you ſo far bow below your Blood, below your too much Beauty, to be a Partner of this Fellow's Bed, and lie with his Diſeaſes? If you can, I will not preſs you farther; yet look upon him, there's nothing in that hide-bound Uſurer, that Man of mat, that all decay'd, but aches, for you to love, unleſs his periſh't Lungs, his dry Cough, or his Scurvy. This is truth, and ſo far I dare ſpeak yet; he has yet, paſt cure of Phyſick, Spaw, or any Diet, a primitive Pox in his Bones, and a'my knowledge he has been ten times rowel'd; ye may love him, he had a Baſtard, his own toward Iſſue, whipt, and then cropt, for waſhing out the Roſes in three Farthings, to make 'um pence.

Wid. I do not like the Morals.

Yo. Lo. You muſt not like him then.

Enter Elder Loveleſs.

El. Lo. By your leave Gentlemen.

Yo. Lo. By my troth Sir you are welcome, welcome faith. Lord what a ſtranger you are grown; pray know this Gentlwoman, and if you pleaſe, theſe Friends here; we are merry, you ſee the worſt on's, your houſe has been kept warm, Sir.

El. Lo. I am glad to hear it Brother; pray God you are wise too.

Yo. Lo. Pray Mr. *Morecraft* know my elder Brother; and Capta^in, do you Complement. *Savill* I dare swear is glad at Heart to see you. Lord, we heard, Sir, you were drown'd at Sea; and see how luckily things come about!

Mor. This Money must be paid back again, Sir.

Yo. Lo. No Sir, pray keep the Sale, 'twill make good Taylor's Measures: I am well I thank you.

Wid. By my troth the Gentleman has shew'd him in his own fawce, I shall love him for't.

Sav. I know not where I am, I am so glad; your Worship is the welcom'st Man alive; upon my Knees I bid you welcome home; here has been such a hurry, such a din, such dismal Drinking, Swearing, and Whoring, 't has almost made me mad; we have lived in a continual *Turnball-street*. Sir, blest be the hour that sent you safe again; now shall I eat and go to bed again.

El. Lo. Brother, dismiss these People.

Yo. Lo. Captain be gone a while; meet me at my old Rendezvouz in the Evening; take your small Poet with you. Mr. *Morecraft*, you were best go prattle with your Learned Counsel, I shall preserve your Money; I was cozened when time was; we are quit Sir.

Wid. Better and better still.

El. Lo. What is this Fellow Brother?

Yo. Lo. A thirsty Usurer that supt my Land off.

El. Lo. What does he tarry for?

Yo. Lo. To be Landlord of your House and State: I was bold to make a little Sale, Sir.

Mor. I am over-reacht? If there be Law, I'll hamper ye.

El. Lo. Prethee be gone and rave at home; thou art so base a Fool I cannot laugh at thee. Sirrah, this comes of cozening; home, and spare, eat Radish till you raise your sums again. If you stir far in this, I'll have you whipt, your Ears nail'd for intelligencing, to the Pillory, and your Goods forfeit; you are a stale Cozener, leave my House; no more.

Mor. A pox upon your House. Come Widow, I shall yet hamper this young Gamester.

Wid. Good twelve i'th hundred keep your way, I am not for your Diet, marry in your own Tribe *Jew*, and get a Broker.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis well said Widow. Will you jog on Sir?

Mor. Yes I will go, but 'tis no matter whither:
But when I trust a wild Fool and a Woman,
May I lend gratis, and build Hospitals.

Yo. Lo. Nay good Sir, make all even, here's a Widow wants your good word for me, she's rich, and may renew me and my Fortunes.

El. Lo. I am glad you look before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poor distressed younger Brother.

Wid. You do him wrong Sir, he is a Knight.

El. Lo. I ask you mercy; yet 'tis no matter, his Knighthood is no Inheritance, I take it: Whatsoever he is, he is your Servant, or would be, Lady. Faith be not mercilels, but make a Man; he's young and handsome, though he be my Brother, and his observances may deserve your love; he shall not fall for means.

Wid.

Wid. Sir, you speak like a worthy Brother, and so much I do credit your fair Language, that I shall love your Brother, and so love him——but I shall blush to say more.

El. Lo. Stop her Mouth. I hope you shall not live to know that hour when this shall be repented. Now Brother I should chide, but I'll give no distate to your faic Mistress, I will instruct her in't, and she shall do't; you have been wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

Yo. Lo. Sir, every day now Spring comes on.

El. Lo. To you good Mr. *Savil*, and your Office, thus much I have to say Y'are from my Steward become, first your own Drunkard, then his Bawd, they say y'are excellent grown in both, and perfect; give me your Keys, Sir *Savil*.

Sav. Good Sir consider who you sent me to.

El. Lo. I left you as a curb, not to provoke my Brother's follies: Where's the best drink now? come tell me *Savil*, Where's the soundest Whores! Ye old He-goat, Ye tried Ape, Ye same Stallion: Must you be leaping in my House your Whores, like Fairies dance their Night-rounds, without fear either of King or Constable, within my Walls? Are all my Hangings safe, my Sheep unsold yet? I hope my Plate is current, I ha' too much on't. What say you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

Sav. Good Sir forgive me, and but hear me speak.

El. Lo. Methinks thou shouldst be drunk still, and not speak; 'tis the more pardonable.

Sav. I will Sir, if you will have it so.

El. Lo. I thank ye: Yes, e'en pursue it Sir: do you hear? get a Whore soon for your recreation; go look out Captain *Brokenbreech* your Fellow, and quarrel if you dare: I shall deliver these Keys to one shall have more honesty, though not so much fine Wit, Sir. You may walk and gather Cresses, Sir, to cool your Liver; there's something for you to begin a Diet, you'll have the Pox else: Speed you well, Sir *Savil*; you may eat at my House to preserve Life, but keep no Fornication in the Stables. *Exeunt omnes præter* Savil.

Sav. Now I must hang my self; my Friends will look for't. Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now: I will run mad first; and if that get no pity, I'll drown my self to a most dismal dity.

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Abigail *Solus.*

Abig. Alas poor Gentlewoman! to what a Misery hath Age brought thee! to what a Curry Fortune! thou that hast been a Companion for Noblemen, and at the worst of those times for Gentlemen; now like a broken

Serving-man must beg for favour to those that would have crawl'd like Pilgrims to my Chamber but for an apparition of me. You that be coming on, make much of Fifteen, and so till five and twenty, use your time with reverence, that your profit may arise; it will not tarry with you, *ecce signum*: Here was a Face; but Time that like a forfeit eats out youth (Plague of his Iron Teeth, and draw 'um for't) has been a little bolder here than welcome; and now to say the Truth, I am fit for no Man. Old Men i'th House of fifty, call me Grannam; and when they are drunk, e'en then when *Joan* and my Lady are all one, not one will do me reason. My little *Levite* hath forsaken me; his Silver stringed Cittern, quite aboliſht; his doleful Hymns under my Chamber-window, digested into tedious learning. Well Fool, you leapt a Haddock when you left him; he is a clean Man, and a good edifier, and Twenty Nobles is his Estate *declaro*, besides his Pigs in *posse*. To this good Homiliſt have been ever stubborn, which God forgive me for, and mend my manners. And Love, if ever thou hadſt care of Forty, of such a piece of lape ground, hear my Prayer, and fire his zeal so far forth, that my Faults in this renewed impression of my love, may shew corrected to our gentle Reader. *Enter* Roger. See how negligently he passes by me, with what an equipage Canonical, as though he had broken the Heart of *Bellarmine*, or added some thing to the singing Brethren. 'Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it. Master *Roger*?

Rog. Fair Gentlewoman, my name is *Roger*.

Abig. Then gentle *Roger*.

Rog. Ungentle *Abigail*.

Abig. Why Mr. *Roger*, will you set your wit to a weak Womans?

Rog. You are weak indeed, for so the Poet sings.

Abig. I do confess my weakness, sweet Sir *Roger*.

Rog. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leave your prating, you have a season of your first Mother in ye; and surely had the Devil been in Love, he had been abused like me. Go *Dalila*, you make Men Fools, and wear Fig-breeches.

Abig. Well, well, hard-hearted Man, you may dilate upon the weak infirmities of Women; these are fit Texts: But once there was a time, would I had never seen those Eyes, those Eyes, those Orient Eyes.

Rog. I, they were Pearls once with you.

Abig. Saving your reverence, Sir, so they are still.

Rog. Nay, nay, I do beseech you leave your Cogging; what they are, they are, they serve me without Spectacles, I thank 'um.

Abig. O will you kill me?

Rog. I do not think I can.
Y'are like a Copy-hold with nine Lives in't.

Abig. You were wont to bear a Christian fear about you:
For your own Worship's sake.

Rog. I was a Christian Fool then: Do you remember what a Dance you led me? How I grew quam'd in love, and was a dancer? Could not expound but once a Quarter, and then was out too; and then out of the stinking stir you put me in, I pray'd for my own Royal Issue. You do remember all this?

Abig.

Abig. O be as then you were.

Rog. I thank you for it; ſurely I will be wiſer, *Abigail*, and as the *Ethnick* Poet ſings, I will not loſe my Oyl and labour too.
Y'are for the Worſhipful, I take it, *Abigail.*

Abig. O take it ſo, and then I am for thee.

Rog. I like theſe Tears well, and this Humbling alſo; they are Symptoms of Contrition, as a Father ſaith. If I ſhould fall into my fit again, would you not ſhake me into a quotidian Coxcomb? Would you not uſe me ſcurvily again, and give me Poſſets with purging Comfets in't? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou haſt been harder to me, than a long Chapter with a Pedigree.

Abig. O Curate cure me: I will love thee better, dearer, longer, I will do any thing, betray the ſecrets of the main Houſhold to thy Reformation: My Lady ſhall look lovingly on thy Learning; and when due time ſhall point thee for a Parſon, I will convert thy Eggs to peny Cuſtards, and thy tythe-gooſe ſhall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well ſhall teſtifie this faithful Kiſs; but have a great care Mrs. *Abigail*, how you depreſs the Spirit any more with your rebukes and mocks; for certainly the edge of ſuch a folly cuts it ſelf.

Abig. O Sir, you have pierc'd me thorow: here I Vow a Recantation to thoſe malicious Faults I ever did againſt you. Never more will I deſpiſe your learning, never more pin Cards and Coney-tails upon your Caſſock; never again reproach your reverend Night-cap, and call it by the mangy Name of Murrin; never your reverend Perſon more, and ſay you look like one of *Baal*'s Prieſts in the hanging; never again when you ſay Grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at Prayers; never cramp you more with the great Book of Martys; nor when you ride, get Soap and Thiſtles for you. No, my *Roger*, theſe Faults ſhall be corrected and amended, as by the tenor of my Tears appears.

Rog. Now cannot I hold if I ſhould be hang'd, I muſt cry too. Come to thine own beloved, *Abigail*, and do even what thou wilt with me, ſweet, ſweet *Abigail*, I am thine own for ever; here's my Hand, when *Roger* proves a Recreant, hang him i'th Bell-ropes.

Enter Lady and Martha.

Lady. Why how now Maſter *Roger*, no Prayers down with you to Night? Did you hear the Bell ring? You are Courting; your Flock ſhall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly ask your Pardon: I'll chop up Prayers (but ſtay a little) and be with you again. *Exit* Roger.

Enter El. Lo.

Lady. How dare you, being ſo unworthy a Fellow,
Preſume to come to move me any more?

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha.

La. What ails the Fellow?

El. Lo. The Fellow comes to laugh at you. I tell you, Lady, I would not for your Land be ſuch a Coxcomb, ſuch a whining Aſs as you decreed me for when I was laſt here.

Lady. I joy to hear you are wiſe; 'tis a rare Jewel in an Elder Brother; pray be wiſer yet.

El.

El. Lo. Methinks I am very wise; I do not come a Wooing, indeed I'll move no more love to your Ladiſhip.

Lady. What make you here then?

El. Lo. Only to ſee you, and be merry, Lady: that's all my buſineſs. Faith let's be very mery merry. Where's little *Roger*? he's a good Fellow; an hour or two well ſpent in wholſome mirth, is worth a thouſand of theſe puling Paſſions. 'Tis an ill World for Lovers.

La. They were never fewer.

El. Lo. I thank Heaven there's one leſs for me, Lady.

La. You were never any, Sir.

El. Lo. Till now, and now I am the prettieſt Fellow.

La. You talk like a Tailor, Sir.

El. Lo. Methinks your Faces are no ſuch fine things now.

La. Why did you tell me you were wiſe? What a lying Age is this? Where will you mend theſe Faces?

El. Lo. A Hogs Face ſouſt is worth a hundred of 'um.

La. Sure you had a Sow to your Mother.

El. Lo. She brought forth ſuch fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Perſons, Lady.

La. 'Tis well you will allow us our Clergy yet.

El. Lo. That will not ſave you. O that I were in love again with a wiſh.

La. By this light y'are a ſcurvy Fellow; pray be gone.

El. Lo. You know I am a clean skin'd Man.

La. Do I know it?

El. Lo. Come, come, yould know it, that's as good; but not a ſnap; never long for't, not a ſnap dear Lady.

La. Hark ye, Sir, hark ye; get ye to the Suburbs, there's Horſe-fleſh for ſuch Hounds; will you go Sir?

El. Lo. Lord how I lov'd this Woman! How I worſhipt this pretty Calf with the white Face here! As I live, you were the prettieſt Fool to play at, with the wittieſt little Varlet, it would talk: Lord how it talk't! and when I angred it, it would cry out, and ſcratch, and eat no Meat, and it would ſay, go hang.

La. It will ſay ſo ſtill, if you anger it.

El. Lo. And when I askt it if it would be Married, it ſent me of an Errand into *France*, and would abuſe me, and be glad it did ſo.

La. Sir, this is moſt unmanly; pray be gone.

El. Lo. And Swear (even when it twittered to be at me) I was unhandſome.

La. Have you no Manners in you?

El. Lo. And ſay my Back was melted, when Heaven knows I kept it at a charge. Four *Flanders* Mares would have been eaſier to me, and a Fencer.

La. You think all this is true now.

El. Lo. Faith, whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you. But ſo much for Mirth. Now have at you in earneſt.

La. There's enough Sir, I deſire no more.

El. Lo. Yes faith, we'll have a caſt at your beſt parts now,

and

And then the Devil take the worſt.

La. Pray Sir no more, I am not ſo much affected with your commendations, 'tis almoſt Dinner, I know they ſtay for you at the Ordinary.

El. Lo. E'en a ſhort Grace, and then I am gone: You are a Woman, and the proudeſt that ever lov'd a Coach: the ſcornfulleſt, ſcurvieſt, and moſt ſenſeleſs Woman, the greedieſt to be prais'd, and never mov'd, though it be groſs and open; the moſt envious, that at the poor fame of another's Face, would eat your own, and more than is your own, the paint belonging to it; of ſuch a ſelf-opinion, that you think none can deſerve your Glove; and for your Malice, you are ſo excellent, you might have been your Temptors Tutor; nay, never cry.

La. Your own Heart knows you wrong me: I cry for ye?

El. Lo: You ſhall before I leave you.

La. Is all this ſpoke in earneſt?

El. Lo. Yes, and more, as ſoon as I can get it out.

La. Well, out with't.

El. Lo. You are; let me ſee.

La. One that has us'd you with too much reſpect.

El. Lo. One that has us'd me (ſince you will have it ſo) the baſeſt, the moſt Foot-boy like, without reſpect of what I was, or what you might be by me; you have us'd me as I would uſe a Jade, ride him off's Legs, then turn him to the Commons; you have us'd me with diſcretion, and I thank ye. If you have many more ſuch pretty Servants, pray build an Hoſpital, and when they are old, pray keep 'um for ſhame.

La. I cannot think yet this is ſerious.

El. Lo. Will you have more on't?

La. No faith, there's enough if it be true:
Too much by all my part; you are no lover then?

El. Lo. No, I had rather be a Carrier.

La. Why, the Gods amend all.

El. Lo. Neither do I think there can be ſuch a Fellow found i'th World, to be in love with ſuch a froward Woman; if there be ſuch, th'are mad, Jove comfort 'um. Now have you all, and I as new a Man, as light, as ſpirited, that I feel my ſelf clean through another Creature. O 'tis brave to be ones own Man: I can ſee you now as I would ſee a picture, ſit all day by you, and never Kiſs your Hand, hear you ſing, and never fall backward; but with as ſet a temper as I would hear a Fidler, riſe and thank you. I can now keep my Money in my Purſe, that ſtill was gadding out for Scarfs and Ribbons, and keep my Hand from Mercers ſheep-skins finely. I can eat Mutton now, and feaſt my ſelf with two Shillings, and can ſee a Play for Half a Crown again: I can Madam, I can.

La. The carriage of this Fellow vexes me. Sir, pray let me ſpeak a little private with you, I muſt not ſuffer this.

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me?
You will not raviſh me? Now, your ſet-ſpeech?

La. Thou perjur'd Man.

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, this is a fine *Exordium.*
And why I pray you perjur'd?

La.

La. Did you not ſwear a thouſand thouſand times, you lov'd me beſt of all things?

El. Lo. I Do confeſs it; make your uſe of that.

La. Why do you ſay you do not then?

El. Lo. Nay I'll ſwear it.
And give ſufficient reaſon, your own uſage.

La. Do you not love me now, then?

El. Lo. No faith.

La. Did you ever think I lov'd you dearly.

El. Lo. Yes, but I ſee but rotten Fruits on't.

La. Do not deny your Hand, for I muſt kiſs it, and take my laſt farewel; now let me die, ſo you be happy.

El. Lo. I am too fooliſh: Lady, ſpeak dear Lady.

La. No, let me die. *She Swouns.*

Ma. O my Siſter!

Abig. O my Lady! help! help!

Ma. Run for ſome *Roſaſolis.*

El. Lo. I have plaid the fine Aſs; bend her Body: Lady, beſt, deareſt, worthieſt Lady, hear your Servant; I am not as I ſhew'd. O wretched Fool, to fling away the Jewel of thy Life thus! Give her more Air; ſee, ſhe begins to ſtir; ſweet Miſtreſs hear me.

La. Is my Servant well?

El. Lo. In being yours, I am ſo.

La. Then I care not.

El. Lo. How do ye? Reach a Chair there: I confeſs my fault not pardonable, in preſuming thus upon ſuch tenderneſs, my wilful error: but had I known it would have wrought thus with ye, thus ſtrangely, not the World had won me to it; and let not (my beſt Lady) any word ſpoke to any end, diſturb your quiet Peace; for ſooner ſhall you know a general ruin, than my Faith broken. Do not doubt this Miſtreſs; for by my Life I cannot live without you. Come, come, you ſhall not grieve, rather be angry, and heap affliction on me: I will ſuffer, O I could curſe my ſelf, pray ſmile upon me. Upon my Faith it was but a trick to try you, knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet ſtrangely, that you would never ſhew it, though my means was all humility.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. Lo. How now?

La. I thank you fine Fool for your moſt fine Plot; this was a ſubtle one, a ſtiff device to have caught Dottrels with; good ſenſleſs Sir, could you imagine I ſhould ſwoun for you, and know your ſelf to be an arrant Aſs? I ha' diſcovered one. 'Tis quit, I thank you Sr, Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heed Sir, ſhe may chance to ſwoun again.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Abig. Step to her, ſee how ſhe changes colour.

El. Lo. I'll go to Hell firſt, and be better welcome.
I am fool'd, I do confeſs it, finely finely fool'd:
Lady, fool'd Madam, and I thank you for it.

La.

La. Fa?th 'tis no ſo much worth Sir.
But if I knew when you come next a burding,
I'll have a ſtronger nooſe to hold the Woodcock.
All. Ha, ha, ha.
El. Lo. I am glad to ſee you merry; pray laugh on.
Mar. Had a hard Heart that could not laugh at you.
La. You'll anger him,
And then he'll rail like a rude Coſtermonger,
That School-boys had cozen'd of his Apples,
As loud and ſenſleſs.
El. Lo. I will not rail.
Mar. Faith then let's him, Siſter.
El. Lo. Yes, you ſhall hear me.
La. Shall we be the better by it then?
El. Lo. No, he that makes a Woman better by his Words,
I'll have him Sainted: blows will not do it.
La. By this light he'll beat us.
El. Lo. You do deſerve it richly.
And you may live to have a Beadle do it.
La. Now he rails.
El. Lo. Come ſcornful Folly.
If this be railing, you ſhall hear me rail.
La. Pray put it in good Words then.
El. Lo. The worſt are good enough for ſuch a trifle,
Such a proud piece of Cobweb-lawn.
La. You bite Sir.
El. Lo. I would, till the Bones crack, and I had my will.
Mar. We had beſt muzzle him, he grows mad.
El. Lo. I would 'twere lawful in the next great Sickneſs to have the Dogs ſpared, thoſe harmleſs Creatures, and knock i'th Head theſe hot continual Plagues, Women, that are more infectious. I hope the State will think on't.
La. Are you well Sir?
Mar. He looks as though he had a grievous fit o'th Cholick.
El. Lo. Green Ginger will cure me.
Abig. I'll heat a Trencher for him.
El. Lo. Dirty *December* do: Thou with a Face as old as *Erra Pater*, ſuch a Prognoſticating Noſe; thou Thing that ten years ſince has left to be a Woman, outworn the expectation of a Bawd; and thy dry Bones can reach at nothing now, but Gords or Nine-pins; pray go fetch a Trencher, go.
La. Let him alone, he's crackt.
Abig. I'll ſee him hang'd firſt; he's a beaſtly Fellow to uſe a Woman of my breeding thus, I marry is a; would I were a Man, I'd make him eat his Knaves Words.
El. Lo. Tie your She-Otter up, good Lady Folly; foh, ſhe ſtinks worſe than a Bear-baiting.
La. Why, will you be angry now?

El. Lo. Go paint and purge, call in your Kennel with you; you a Lady!

Abig. Sirrah, look to't againſt the Quarter-Seſſions; if there be good behaviour in the World, I'll have thee bound to it.

El. You muſt not ſeek it in your Ladies Houſe then; pray ſend this Ferret home, and ſpin good *Abigail*. And Madam, that your Ladiſhip may know in what baſe manner ye have us'd my ſervice, I do from this hour hate ye heartily; and though your folly ſhould whip you to repentence, and waken you at length to ſee my wrongs, 'tis not the endeavour of your Life ſhall win me, not all the Friends you have make interceſſion; nor your ſubmiſſive Letters, though they ſpoke as many Tears as Words; not your Knees grown to'th ground in penitence, nor all your 'ſtate, to kiſs you; nor my pardon and will, to give you Chriſtian Burial, if you die thus ſo farewel. When I am Married, and made ſure, I'll come and viſit you again, and vex you, Lady. By all my hopes, I'll be a torment to you, worſe than a tedious Winter. I know you will recant and ſue to me, but ſave that labour: I'll rather love a Fever and continual Thirſt, rather contract my Youth to drink, and ſacerdote upon quarrels, or take a drawn Whore from an Hoſpital, that Time, Diſeaſes, and *Mercury* had eaten, than to be drawn to love you.

La. Ha, ha, ha, pray do; but take heed though.

El. Lo. From thee, falſe Dice, Jades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliver me. *Exit* El. Lo.

La. But hark you Servant, hark ye; is he gone? call him again.

Abig. Hang him Padock.

La. Art thou here ſtill? fly, fly, and call my Servant; fly, or ne'er ſee me more.

Abig. I had rather knit again, than ſee that Raſcal; but I muſt do it. *Ex.* Abig.

La. I would be loath to anger him too much; what fine Foolery is this in a Woman, to uſe thoſe Men moſt frowardly, they love moſt? if I ſhould loſe him thus, I were rightly ſerved. I hope he's not ſo much himſelf, to take it to th' Heart. How now? will he come back?

Abig. Never, he ſwears, whilſt he can hear Men ſay there's any Woman living; he ſwore he would ha me firſt.

La. Didſt thou intreat him Wench?

Abig. As well as I could, Madam. But this is ſtill your way, to love being abſent; and when he's with you, laugh at him, and abuſe him. There's another way, if you could hit on't.

La. Thou ſayeſt true, get me Paper, Pen and Ink, I'll write to him, I'de be loath he ſhould ſleep in's anger.

Women are moſt Fools when they think th'are wiſeſt. *Ex. omnes.*

Muſick. Enter Young Loveleſs *and Widow, going to be Married. With them, his Comrades*

Wid. Pray Sir caſt off theſe Fellows, as unfitting for your bare knowledge, and far more your company. Is't fit ſuch Ragamuffins as theſe are, ſhould bear the Name of Friends, and furniſh out a civil Houſe? Y'are to be Married now; and Men that love you, muſt expect a courſe far from your old carriage; if you will keep 'um, turn 'um to'th Stable, and there make 'um Grooms; and yet now I conſider it, ſuch Beggars once ſet a Horſe-back, you have heard will ride, how far you had beſt to look to. *Cap.*

Cap. Hear you, you that muſt be Lady, pray content your ſelf, and think upon your carriage ſoon at Night, what dreſſing will beſt take your Knight, what Waſtcoat, what Cordial will do well i'th Morning for him, what triers have you?

Wid. What do you mean Sir?

Cap. Thoſe that muſt ſwitch him up; if he ſtart well, fear not, but cry Saint *George*, and bear him hard; when you perceive his Wind grows hot and wanting, let him a little down, he's fleet, ne'er doubt him, and ſtands ſound.

Wid. Sir, you hear theſe Fellows?

Yo. Lo. Merry Companions, Wench, merry Companions.

Wid. To one another let 'um be Companions, but good Sir not to you: You ſhall be civil, and ſlip off theſe baſe trappings.

Cap. He ſhall not need, my moſt ſweet Lady Grocer; if he be civil, not your powdred Sugar, not your rotten Reaſons, ſhall perſwade the Captain to live a Coxcomb with him; let him be civil, and feed i'th *Arches*, and ſee what will come on't.

Poet. Let him be civil, do; undo him: I, that's the next way. I will not take (if he be Civil once) two hundred pounds a year to live with him: Be civil, there's a trim perſwaſion!

Cap. If thou be'ſt civil, Knight, as *Jove* defend it, get thee another Noſe, that will be pull'd off by the angry Boys for thy Converſion; the Children thou ſhalt get on this Civilian, cannot inherit by the Law, th'are *Ethnicks*, and all thy ſport meer Moral Lechery; when they are grown, having but little in 'um, they may prove Haberdaſhers, or groſs Grocers, like their dear Dam there; prethee be civil, Knight, in time thou maiſt read to thy Houſhold, and be drunk once a year; this would ſhew finely.

Yo. Lo. I wonder ſweet Heart, you will offer this, you do not underſtand theſe Gentlemen: I will be ſhort and pithy: I had rather caſt you off by the way of charge; theſe are Creatures that nothing goes to the maintenance of. but Corn and Water. I will keep theſe Fellows juſt in the Competency of two Hens.

Wid. If you can caſt it ſo, Sir, you have my liking; if they eat leſs, I ſhould not be offended. But how theſe, Sir, can live upon ſo little as Corn and Water, I am unbelieving.

Yo. Lo. Why prethee Sweet-heart, what's your Ale? is not that Corn and Water, my ſweet Widow?

Wid. I but my ſweet Knight, where's the Meat to this, and Cloaths? that they muſt look for.

Yo. Lo. In this ſhort ſentence, *Ale*, is all included, Meat, Drink, and Cloth; theſe are no ravening Footmen, no Fellows that at Ordinaries do eat their eighteen pence thrice out before they riſe, and yet go hungry to a Play, and crack more Nuts than would ſuffice a dozen Squirrels; beſides the din, which is damnable: I had rather rail, and be confin'd to a Bear-baiting, than live among ſuch Raſcals: theſe are People of ſuch a clean diſcretion in their Diet, of ſuch a moderate ſuſtenance, that they ſweat if they but ſmell hot Meat, *Potrege* is Poiſon; they hate a Kitchin as they hate a Counter; and ſhew 'um but a Feather-bed, they ſwound. Ale is their eating and their drinking ſurely, which

keeps their Bodies clear and ſoluble. Bread is a binder, and for that aboliſh'd even in their Ale, whoſe loſt room fills an Apple, which is more Air, and of ſubtiler Nature. The reſt they take is little, and that little is little eaſie: For like ſtrict Men of Order, they do correct their Bodies with a Bench, or a poor ſtubborn Table; if a Chimney offer it ſelf with ſome few broken ruſhes, they are in Down. When they are ſick, that's drunk, they may have freſh ſtraw, elſe they do deſpiſe theſe worldly pamperings. For their poor Apparel, 'tis worn out to the Diet; new they ſeek none; and if a Man ſhould offer, they are angry, ſcarce to be reconciled again with him; you ſhall not hear 'um ask me a caſt Doublet once in a year; which is modeſty befitting my poor Friends. You ſee their Wardrobe, though ſlender, competent: For ſhirts, I take it, they are things worn out of their remembrance. Lowſie they will be when they liſt, and mangy, which ſhews a fine variety: and then to cure 'um, a Tanners Lime pit, which is little charge to Dogs and theſe, theſe two may be cur'd for three-pence.

Wid. You have half perſwaded me, pray uſe your pleaſure; and my good Friends, ſince I do know your Diet, I'll take an order, meat ſhall not offend you, you ſhall have Ale.

Cap. We ask no more, let it be mighty, Lady; and if we periſh, then our own Sins on us.

Yo. Lo. Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my Boys; when we have done, I'll give you cheer in Bowls. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Elder Loveleſs.

El. Lo. THis ſenſleſs Woman vexes me to'th Heart, ſhe will not from my Memory; would ſhe were a Man for one two hours, that I might beat her. If I had been unhandſome, old, or jealous, 'thad been an even lay, ſhe might have ſcorn'd me; but to be young. and by this light I think as proper as the proudeſt, made as clean, as ſtraight, as ſtrong backt; means and manners equal with the beſt Cloth of Silver, Sir, i'th Kingdom; but theſe are things at ſome time of the Moon below the cut of Canvas; ſure ſhe has ſome meaching Raſcal in her Houſe, ſome Hind, that ſhe hath ſeen bear (like another *Milo*) quarters of Malt upon his Back, and ſing with it, thraſh all day, and i'th evening in his Stockins ſtrike up a Horn-pipe, and there ſtink two hours; and ne'er a whit the worſe Man; theſe are they, theſe ſteel chin'd Raſcals that undo us all. Would I had been a Carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed e'er this time.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a Gentleman without would ſpeak with you.

El. Lo. Bid him come in. *Enter*

Enter Welford.

Wel. By your leave Sir.

El. Lo. You are welcome; What's your Will, Sir?

Wel. Have you forgotten me?

El. Lo. I do not much remember you.

Wel. You muſt Sir. I am the Gentleman you pleaſed to wrong in your diſguiſe, I have enquired you our.

El Lo. I was diſguiſed indeed Sir, if I wrong'd you. Pray where? and when?

Wel. In ſuch a Ladies Houſe, I need not name her.

El. Lo. I do remember you, you ſeem'd to be a Sutor to that Lady.

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget how ſcurvily you us'd me; that was no place to quarrel in; pray you think of it; if you be honeſt, you dare fight with me, without more urging, elſe I muſt provoke ye.

El. Lo. Sir I dare fight, but never for a Woman; I will not have her in my cauſe, ſhe is Mortal, and ſo is not my anger; if you have brought a Nobler Subject for our Swords, I am for you; in this I would be loath to prick my Finger. And where you ſay I wrong'd you, 'tis ſo far from my Profeſſion, that amongſt my fears, to do wrong is the greateſt; credit me, we have been both abuſed (not by our ſelves, for that I hold a ſpleen, no Sin of Malice, and may with Man enough be left forgotten,) but by that wilful, ſcornful piece of hatred, that much forgetful Lady; for whoſe ſake if we ſhould leave our reaſon, and run on upon our ſenſe, like Rams, the little World of good Men would laugh at us, and deſpiſe us, fixing upon our deſperate Memories the never worn out Names of Fools and Fencers. Sir, 'tis not fear, but reaſon makes me tell you, in this I had rather help you, Sir, than hurt you; and you ſhall find it, though you throw your ſelf into as many dangers as ſhe offers; though you redeem her loſt Name every day, and find her out new Honours with your Sword, you ſhall but be her mirth, as I have been.

Wel. I ask you Mercy Sir, you have ta'en my edge off; yet I would fain be even with this Lady.

El. Lo. In which I'll be your helper: We are two, and they are two, two Siſters, rich alike, only the elder hath the prouder Dowry; in troth I pity this diſgrace in you, yet of mine own I am ſenſleſs; do but follow my Counſel, and i'll pawn my Spirit we'll over-reach 'em yet. The means is this.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman will needs ſpeak with you, I cannot keep her out, ſhe's entred Sir.

El. Lo. It is the Waiting-woman, pray be not ſeen: Sirrah, hold her in diſcourſe a while; hark in your Ear, go and diſpatch it quickly, when I come in, I'll tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have. *Exit* Welford.

El. Lo. Away, 'tis done, ſhe muſt not ſee you. Now Lady *Gwiniver*, What News with you?

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Pray leave theſe frumps Sir, and receive this Letter.

El. Lo. From whom, good Vanity?

Abi.

Ab. 'Tis from my Lady, Sir: Alas good Soul, ſhe crys and takes on.

El. Lo. Does ſhe ſo, good Soul? would ſhe not have a Cawdle? does ſhe ſend you with your fine Oratory, goodly *Tully*, to tie me to belief again? Bring out the Cat-Hounds, i'll make you take a Tree, Whore, then with my Tiller bring down your *Gibſhip*, and then have you Cas'd, and hung up i'th Warren.

Ab. I am no Beaſt Sir, would you knew it.

El. Lo. Wo'd I did, for I am yet very doubtful: What will you ſay now?

Ab. Nothing not I.

El. Lo. Art thou a Woman, and ſay nothing?

Ab. Unleſs you'll hear me with more moderation: I can ſpeak wiſe enough.

El. Lo. And loud enough: Will your Lady love me?

Ab. It ſeems ſo by her Letter and her Lamentations; but you are ſuch another Man.

El. Lo. Not ſuch another as I was, Mumps, nor will not be: I'll read her fine Epiſtle: Ha, ha, ha, is not thy Miſtreſs mad?

Ab. For you ſhe will be; 'tis a ſhame you ſhould uſe a poor Gentlewoman ſo untowardly; ſhe loves the ground you tread on; and you (hard Heart) becauſe ſhe jeſted with you, mean to kill her; 'tis a fine Conqueſt, as they ſay.

El. Lo. Haſt thou ſo much moiſture in thy Whitleather hide yet, that thou canſt cry? I would have ſworn thou hadſt been Touch-wood five years ſince: Nay, let it rain, they Face chops for a ſhowre, like a dry Dunghil.

Ab. I'll not endure this Ribaldry; farewel i'th Devils Name; if my Lady die, I'll be ſworn before a Jury thou art the cauſe on't.

El. Lo. Do, Maukin, do; deliver to your Lady from me this: I mean to ſee her, if I have no other buſineſs; which before I'll want to come to her, I mean to go ſeek Birds-neſts; yet I may come to: but if I come, from this door till I ſee her, will I think how to rail vilely at her, how to vex her, and make her cry ſo much, that the Phyſician, if ſhe fall ſick upon't, ſhall want Urine to find the cauſe by. and ſhe remedileſs dye in her Hereſie. Farewel old Adage, I hope to ſee the Boys make Pot-guns on thee.

Ab. Th'art a vile Man, God bleſs my Iſſue from thee.

El. Lo. Thou haſt but one, and that's in thy left Crupper, that makes thee hobble ſo; you muſt be ground i'th Breech, like a Top, you'll ne'er ſpin well elſe. Farewel Fychock. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady alone.

La. Is it not ſtrange that every Womans Will ſhould track out new ways to diſturb her ſelf? If I ſhould call my reaſon to account, it cannot anſwer why I keep my ſelf from mine own wiſh, and ſtop the Man I love from his; and every hour repent again, yet ſtill go on: I know 'tis like a Man that wants his natural ſleep, and growing dull, would gladly give the remnant of his Life for two hours reſt; yet through his frowardneſs, will rather chuſe to watch another Man, drowſieas he, than take his own repoſe. All this I know; yet a ſtrange peeviſhneſs and anger, not to have the power to do things unexpected, carries me away to mine own ruine: I had rather die ſometimes, than not diſgrace in publick him whom People think I love, and do't with Oaths, and am in earneſt then. O what are we! Men, you muſt anſwer this, that dare obey ſuch things as we command. How now? what News? *Enter*

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Faith Madam, none worth hearing.

La. Is he not come?

Ab. No truly.

La. Nor has he writ?

Ab. Neither. I pray God you have not undone your ſelf.

La. Why, but what ſays he?

Ab. Faith he talks ſtrangely.

La. How ſtrangely?

Ab. Firſt at your Letter he laught extremely.

La. What in contempt?

Ab. He laught monſtrous loud, as he would die; and when you wrote it, I think you were in no ſuch merry mood, to provoke him that way; and having done, he cried, Alas for her, and violently laught again.

La. Did he?

Ab. Yes, till I was angry.

La. Angry, why? Why wert thou angry? he does but well, I did deſerve it; he had been a Fool, an unfit Man for any one to love, had he not laught thus at me. You were angry, that ſhew'd your folly; I ſhall love him more for that, than all that e'er he did before. But ſaid he nothing elſe?

Ab. Many uncertain things he ſaid: Though you had mockt him, becauſe you were a Woman, he could wiſh to do you ſo much favour as to ſee you: yet he ſaid, he knew you raſh, and was loath to offend you with the ſight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave.

La. What one was that?

Ab. I know not; but truly I do fear there is a making up there: for I heard the Servants, as I paſt by, ſome whiſper ſuch a thing; and as I came back through the Hall, there were two or three Clerks writing great Conveyances in haſte, which they ſaid were for their Miſtreſs's Joynture.

La. 'Tis very like and fit it ſhould be ſo, for he does think, and reaſonably think, that I ſhould keep him with my idle tricks, for ever e'er he be married.

Ab. At laſt he ſaid, it ſhould go hard but he would ſee you for your ſatisfaction.

La. All we that are call'd Women, know as well as Men, it were a far more noble thing to grace where we are grac't, and give reſpect there where we are reſpected; yet we practiſe a wilder courſe, and never bend our Eyes on Men with pleaſure, till they find the way to give us a neglect; then we, too late, perceive the loſs of what we might have had, and dote till death.

Enter Martha.

Mar. Siſter, yonder's your Servant with a Gentlewoman with him.

La. Where? *Mar.* Cloſe at the door.

La. Ah! alas I am undone, I fear he is betroth'd.
What kind of Woman is ſhe?

Mar. A moſt ill-favoured one, with her mask on.
And how her Face ſhould mend the reſt, I know not.

La. But yet her mind was of a milder ſtuff than mine was.

Enter

Enter Elder Loveleſs, *and* Welford *in Womens Apparel.*

La. Now I ſee him, if my Heart ſwell not again, (away thou Womans Pride) ſo that I cannot ſpeak a gentle Word to him; let me not live.

El. Lo. By your leave here-

La. How now? what new trick invites you hither?
Ha' you a fine device again?

El. Lo. Faith this is the fineſt device I have now:
How doſt thou Sweet-heart?

Wel. Why very well, ſo long as I may pleaſe
You my dear Lover; I nor can nor will
Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. Lo. O thy ſweet temper! What would I have given that Lady had been like thee! ſeeſt thou her? that Face (my Love) join'd with thy humble mind, had made a Wench indeed.

Wel. Alas my Love, what God hath done, I dare not think to mend: I uſe no Paint, nor any Drugs of Art, my Hands and Face will ſhew it.

La. Why what Thing have you brought to ſhew us there? do you take Mofor it?

El. Lo. A thing not to be bought for Money, 'tis my Miſtreſs, in whom there is no Paſſion, nor no ſcorn; what I will, is her Law; pray you ſalute her.

La. Salute her! by this good light I would not kiſs her for half my Wealth.

El. Lo. Why? Why pray you?
You ſhall ſee me do't afore you. Look you.

La. Now fie upon thee, a Beaſt would not have don't; I would not kiſs thee of a Month, to gain a Kingdom.

El. Lo. Marry you ſhall not be troubled.

La. Why, was there ever ſuch a *Meg* as this?
Sure thou art mad.

El. Lo. I was mad once when I lov'd pictures; for what are ſhape and colour elſe but pictures? in that tawny Hide there lies an endleſs maſs of Virtues, when all your red and white ones want it.

La. And this is ſhe you are to marry, is't not?

El. Lo. Yes indeed is't.

La. God give you joy. *El. Lo.* Amen.

Wel. I thank you, though unknown, for your good wiſh:
The like to you when ever you ſhall wed.

El. Lo. O gentle Spirit.

La. You thank me? I pray keep your breath nearer you, I do not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all,
Much leſs a Lady of your worthy parts.

El. Lo. Sweet, ſweet.

La. I do not think this Woman can by Nature be thus,
Thus ugly; ſure ſhe's ſome common Strumpet,
Deform'd with exerciſe of Sin.

Wel. O Sir, believe not this, for Heaven to comfort me, as I am free from foul pollution with any Man; my Honour ta'en away, I am no Woman.

El. Lo.

El. Lo. Ariſe my deareſt Soul, I do not credit it. Alas, I fear her tender Heart will break with this reproach; fie, that you know no more civility to a weak Virgin. 'Tis no matter ſweet, let her ſay what ſhe will, thou art not worſe to me, and therefore not at all; be careleſs.

Wel. For all things elſe I would, but for mine Honour, methinks.

El. Lo. Alas, thine Honour is not ſtain'd;
Is this the buſineſs that you ſent for me about?

Mar. Faith Siſter you are much to blame to uſe a Woman, whatſoe'er ſhe be, thus: I'll ſalute her: You are welcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thank you.

El. Lo. Mild yet as the Dove, for all theſe injuries. Come, ſhall we go? I love thee not ſo ill, as to keep thee here a jeſting ſtock.
Adieu to the World's end.

La. Why, whither now?

El. Lo. Nay, you ſhall never know, becauſe you ſhall never find me.

La. I pray let me ſpeak with you.

El. Lo. 'Tis very well, come.

La. I pray you let me ſpeak you.

El. Lo. Yes, for another mock.

La. By Heaven I have no mocks; good Sir a word.

El. Lo. Though you deſerve not ſo much at my hands, yet if you be in ſuch earneſt, I'll ſpeak a word with you, but I beſeech you be brief; for in good faith there's a Parſon and a Licenſe ſtay for us i'th Church all this while, and you know 'tis Night.

La. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatſoever I have heretofore ſpoken jeſtingly, forget; for as I hope for mercy any where, what I ſhall utter now, is from my heart, and as I mean.

El. Lo. Well, well, what do you mean?

La. Was not I once your Miſtreſs, and you my Servant?

El. Lo. O 'tis about the old matter.

La. Nay good Sir ſtay me out. I would but hear you excuſe your ſelf, why you ſhould take this Woman, and leave me?

El. Lo 'Prethee why not? deſerves ſhe not as much as you?

La. I think not, if you will look with an indifferency upon us both.

El. Lo. Upon your Faces 'tis true; but if judicially we ſhall caſt our Eyes upon your Minds, you are a thouſand Women off her in worth; ſhe cannot ſwound in jeſt, nor ſet her Love tasks to ſhew her peeviſhneſs, and his affection; nor croſs what he ſays, though it be canonical. She's a good plain Wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me luſty Boys to throw the ſledge, and lift at pigs of lead; and for a Wife, ſhe's far beyond you: What can you do in a Houſhold to provide for your Iſſue, but lie a bed and get 'um? your buſineſs is to dreſs you, and at idle hours to eat; when ſhe can do a thouſand profitable things; ſhe can do pretty well in the Paſtry, and knows how Pullen ſhould be cramb'd, ſhe cuts Cambrick at a thred, weaves Bone lace, and quilts Balls admirably. And what are you good for?

La. Admit it true, that ſhe were far beyond me in all reſpects, does that give you a Licenſe to forſwear your ſelf?

El. La. Forſwear my ſelf, How?

La. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable Oaths you have uttered, in diſclaiming all for Wives, but me.

El. Lo. Nay, but conceive me, the intent of Oaths is ever underſtood. Admit I ſhould proteſt to ſuch a Friend, to ſee him at his lodging to Morrow: Divines would never hold me perjur'd, if I were ſtruck Blind, or he hid him where my diligent ſearch could not find him, ſo there was no one act of mine own in't. Can, in be imagined I meant to force to Marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

La. Alas you need not, I make already tender of my ſelf, and then you are forſworn.

El. Lo Some ſin I ſee indeed muſt neceſſarily fall upon me. as whoſoever deals with Women, ſhall never utterly avoid it; yet I would chuſe the leaſt ill; which is, to forſake you that have done me all the abuſes of a malignant Woman, contemn'd my ſervice, and would have held me praying about Marriage, till I had been paſt getting of Children; rather than her that hath forſaken her Family, and put her tender Body in my Hand, upon my Word.

La. Which of us ſwore you firſt to?

El. Lo Why to you?

La. Which Oath is to be kept then?

El. La. Prethee do not urge my Sins unto me,
Without I could amend 'um.

La. Why, you may, by wedding me.

El. Lo. How will that ſatisfie my word to her?

La. 'Tis not to be kept, and needs no ſatisfaction.
'Tis an error fit for repentance only.

El. Lo. Shall I live to wrong that tender-hearted Virgin ſo? It may not be.

La. Why may it not be?

El. Lo I ſwear I had rather marry thee than her; but yet mine honeſty.

La. What honeſty? 'Tis more preſerv'd this way.
Come, by this light Servant thou ſhalt, I'll kiſs thee on't.

El. Lo. This kiſs indeed is ſweet, pray Heav'n no ſin lie under it.

La. There's no ſin at all, try but another.

Wel. O my Heart!

Mar. Help Siſter, this Lady ſwouns.

El. Lo. How do you?

Wel. Why very well, if you be ſo; a moſt ungodly thing!

El. Lo. Hear me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter. I did make an Oath, when you delay'd me ſo, that this very Night I would be married: Now if you will go without delay ſuddenly, as late as it is, with your own Miniſter to your own Chappel, I'll wed you, and to bed.

La. A match dear Servant.

El. Lo. For if you ſhould forſake me now, I care not; ſhe would not though for all her Injuries, ſuch is her Spirit; if I be not aſhamed to kiſs her now I part, may I not live.

Wel. I ſee you go; as ſlily as you think to ſteal away, yet I will pray for you

you; all Blessings of the World light on you two, that you may live to be an aged pair. All curses on me, if I do not speak what I do wish indeed.

El. Lo. If I can speak to purpose to her, I am a Villain.

La. Servant away.

Mar. Sister, will you marry that inconstant Man? Think you he will not cast you off to morrow? To wrong a Lady thus, look'd she like dirt, 'twas basely done. May you ne'er prosper with him.

Wel. Now God forbid. Alas, I was unworthy, so I told him.

Mar. That was your modesty; too good for him; I would not see your wedding for a World.

La. Chuse, chuse, come *Youngloue.* *Ex. La. Eld. Lo.*

Mar. Dry up your Eyes forsooth, you shall not think we are all uncivil. Would I knew how to give you a revenge.

Wel. So would not I: No, let me suffer; truly that I desire.

Mar. Pray walk in with me, 'tis very late, and you shall stay all Night; your Bed shall be no worse than mine, I wish I could but do you right.

Wel. My humble thanks: God grant I may but live to quit your love. *Exeunt.*

Enter Young Lovelesse *and* Savil.

Yo. Lo. Did your Master send for me, *Savil*?

Sa. Yes, he did send for your Worship Sir.

Yo. Lo. Do you know the business?

Sa. Alas Sir, I know nothing, nor am employ'd beyond my hours of eating; My dancing days are done Sir.

Yo. Lo. What are you now then?

Sa. If you consider me in little, I am with your Worship's reverence Sir, a Rascal; one that upon the next anger of your Brother, must raise a Sconce by the high-way, and sell switches: My Wife is learning now to weave Incle.

Yo. Lo. What dost thou mean to do with thy Children, *Savil*?

Sav. My eldest Boy is half a Rogue already, he was born buttock, and your Worship knows, that's a pretty step to Men's compassions: My youngest Boy I purpose, Sir, to bind for ten years to a Jaylor, to draw under him, that he may shew us mercy in his function.

Yo. Lo. Your Family is quartered with discretion; you are resolved to Cant then: Where *Savil* shall your Scene lie?

Sa. Beggars must have no choisers, In every place (I take it) but the Stocks.

Yo. Lo. This is your drinking and your whoring, *Savil*? I told you of it, but your Heart was hardned.

Sa. 'Tis true, you were the first that told me of it indeed, I do remember yet in tears; you told me you would have Whores, and in that passion Sir, you broke out thus; Thou miserable Man repent, and brew three strikes more in a Hogshead: 'Tis Noon e'er we be drunk now, and the time can tarry for no Man.

Yo. Lo. Y'are grown a bitter Gentleman. I see misery can clear your head better than Mustard. I'll be a Sutor for your Keys again Sir.

Sa. Will you but be so gracious to me Sir, I shall be bound.

Yo. Lo. You ſhall Sir, to your Bunch again, or I'll miſs fouly.

Enter Morecraft.

More. Save you Gentleman, ſave you.

Yo. Lo. Now Polcat, what young Rebbets Neſt have you to draw?

More. Come, prithee be familiar, Knight.

Yo. Lo. Away Fox, I'll ſend for Terriers for you.

More. Thou art wide yet: I'll keep the company.

Yo. Lo. I am about ſome buſineſs; Indentures,
If you follow me I'll beat you; take heed,
As I live I'll cancel your Coxcomb.

More. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no Uſurer.
What poor Fellow's this?

Sa. I am poor indeed Sir.

More. Give him Money Knight.

Yo. Lo. Do you begin the offering.

More. There poor Fellow, here's an Angel for thee.

Yo. Lo. Art thou in earneſt *Mo ecraft*?

More. Yes faith Knight, i'll follow thy example; thou hadſt land, and thouſands thou ſpent'ſt and flungſt away, and yet it flows in double: I purchas'd, wrung and wier-draw'd for my wealth, loſt and was cozen'd; for which I make a vow, to try all the ways above ground, but i'll find a conſtant means to riches without curſes.

Yo. Lo. I am glad of your converſion Mr. *Morecraft*.
Y'are in a fair courſe, pray purſue it ſtill.

More. Come, we are all Gallants now, I'll keep thee company; here honeſt Fellow, for this Gentleman's ſake, there's two Angels more for thee.

Sa. Heaven quit you Sir, and keep you long in this mind.

Yo. Lo. Wilt thou perſevere?

More. Till I have a penny. I have brave cloaths a making, and two Horſes; canſt thou help me to a match Knight? I'll lay a thouſand pound upon my Crop-ear.

Yo. Lo. Foot, this is ſtranger than an *Affrick* Monſter;
There will be no more talk of Wars;
Whilſt this laſts; come, i'll put thee into Blood.

Sav. Would all his damn'd Tribe were as tender-hearted. I beſeech you let this Gentleman join with you in the recovery of my Keys; I like his good beginning Sir, the whilſt I'll pray for both your Worſhips.

Yo. Lo. He ſhall Sir.

More. Shall we go, noble Knight? I would fain be acquainted.

Yo. Lo. I'll be your Servant Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elder Loveleſs *and Lady.*

El. Lo. Faith my ſweet Lady, I have caught you now, maugre your ſubtilties and fine devices; be coy again now.

La. Prithee ſweet heart tell true.

El. Lo. By this light, by all the pleaſures I have had this Night, by your loſt Maidenhead, you are cozen'd merrily, I have caſt beyond your wit. That Gentleman is your retainer, *Welford*.

La. It cannot be ſo. *El.*

El. Lo. Your Sister has found it so, or I mistake; mark how she blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not travel now; ha, ha, ha.

La. Prithee sweet-heart, be quiet, thou hast angred me at Heart.

El. Lo. I'll please you soon again.

La. Welford!

El. Lo. I *Welford*, he's a young handsome Fellow, well bred and landed; your Sister can instruct you in his good parts, better than I, by this time.

La. Uds foot, am I fetch't over thus?

El. Lo. Yes i'faith. And over shall be fetcht again, never fear it.

La. I must be patient, though it torture me: You have got the Sun Sir.

El. Lo. And the Moon too, in which I'll be the Man.

La. But had I known this, had I but surmiz'd it, you should have hunted three trains more before you had come to'th course; you should have hankt o'th Bridle Sir, i'faith.

El. Lo. I knew it, and mind with you; and so blew you up. Now you may see the Gentlewoman: stand close.

Enter Welford *and* Martha.

Mar. For God's sake Sir, be private in this business.
You have undone me else. O Heaven, what have I done?

Wel. No harm I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I look upon my Friends again? with what face?

Wel. Why e'en with this; 'tis a good one, thou canst not find a better; look upon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall find 'um smooth still, fair still, sweet still, and to your thinking honest; those have done as much as you have yet, or dare do, Mistress, and yet they keep no stir.

Mar. Good Sir go in, and put your Womans cloaths on:
If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever.

Wel. I'll watch you for that Mistress, I am no Fool; here will I tarry till the House be up, and witness with me.

Mar. Good dear Friend go in.

Wel. To bed again if you please, else I am fixt here till there be notice taken who I am, what I have done; if you could juggle me into my Womanhood again, and so cog me out of your company, all this would be forsworn, and I again an Asinego, as your Sister left me. No, I'll have it known and publish'd, then if you'll be a Whore, forsake me and be ashamed; and when you can hold out no longer, marry some cast *Cleve* Captain, and sell Bottle-Ale.

Mar. I dare not stay Sir, use me modestly, I am your Wife.

Wel. Go in, I'll make up all.

El. Lo. I'll be a witness of your naked truth Sir: This is the Gentlewoman, 'prethee look upon him, this is he that made me break my Faith, sweet; but thank your Sister, she hath foder'd it.

La. What a dull Ass was I, I could not see this *Welford* from a Wench; twenty to one if I had been but tender, like my Sister, he had served me such a slippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El. Lo. I would have watcht you, Sir, by your good patience, for ferretting in my ground.

La.

La. You have been with my Sister.

Wel. Yes to bring.

El. Lo. An Heir into the World he means.

La. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I have had my part on't: I have been chaft this three hours, that's the leaſt, I am reaſonable cool now.

La. Cannot you fare well, but you muſt cry Roaſt-meat?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not bleſs the Founders, is either ſurfeited, or ill taught. Lady, for mine own part, I have found ſo ſweet a Diet, I can commend it, though I cannot ſpare it.

El. Lo. How like you this Diſh *Welford*? I made a Supper on't, and fed ſo heartily, I could not ſleep.

La. By this light, had I but ſcented out your train, ye had ſlept with a bare Pillow in your Arms, and kiſt that, or elſe the bed-poſt, for any Wife you had got this Twelve month yet: I would have vext you more than a tyr'd Poſt-horſe, and been longer bearing, than ever after-game at *Iriſh* was. Lord, that I were unmarried again.

El. Lo. Lady, I would not undertake ye, were you again a Haggard, for the beſt caſt of Ladies i'th Kingdom; you were ever tickle-footed, and would not truſs round.

Wel. Is ſhe faſt?

El. Lo. She was all night lockt here Boy.

Wel. Th n you may lure her without fear of loſing; take off her Cranes: You have a delicate Gentlewoman to your Siſter: Lord, what a pretty fury ſhe was in, when ſhe perceiv'd I was a Man; but I think I ſatisfied her ſcruple without the Parſon o'th Town.

El. Lo. What did ye?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

El. Lo. She has a ſhrewd gueſs at it, I ſee it by her.

La. Well you may mock us; but my large Gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambree*, had I but ſeen into you, you ſhould have had another Bed-fellow fitter a great deal for your itch.

Wel. I thank you Lady, me thought it was well; you are ſo curious.

Enter Young Loveleſs, *his Lady*, Morecraft, Savill, *and two Serving-men.*

El. Lo. Get on your Doublet; here comes my Brother.

Yo. Lo. Good morrow Brother, and all good to your Lady.

More. God ſave you, and good morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good morrow. Here's a poor Brother of yours.

La. Fie, how this ſhames me!

More. Prithee good Fellow help me to a cup of Beer.

Ser. I will Sir.

Yo. Lo. Brother, what makes you here? Will this Lady do? Will ſhe? is ſhe not netled ſtill?

El. Lo. No, I have cur'd her. Mr. *Welford*, pray know this Gentleman, he is my Brother.

Wel. Sir, I ſhall long to love him.

Yo.

Yo. Lo. I ſhall not be your Debtor Sir. But how is't with you?

El. Lo. As well as may be, Man; I am married; your new acquaintance hath her Siſter, and all's well.

Yo. Lo. I am glad on't. Now my pretty Lady Siſter, How do you find my Brother.

La. Almoſt as wild as you are.

Yo. Lo. He'll make the better Husband; you have tryed him?

La. Againſt my will Sir.

Yo. Lo. He'll make you well amends ſoon, do not doubt it; But Sir, I muſt intreat you to be better known. To this unconverted *Jew* here.

Serv. Here's Beer for you Sir.

More. And here's for you an Angel. Pray buy no Land, 'twill never proſper Sir.

El. Lo. How's this?

Yo. Lo. Bleſs you, and then I'll tell you; he's turned Gallant.

El. Lo. Gallant!

Yo. Lo. I, Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft.* The Reaſon i'll inform you at more leiſure.

Wel. O good Sir, let me know him preſently.

Yo. Lo. You ſhall hug one another.

More. Sir, I muſt keep you company.

El. Lo. And reaſon.

Yo. Lo. *Cutting Morecraft* faces about, I muſt preſent another.

More. As many as you will Sir, I am for 'um.

Wel. Sir, I ſhall do you ſervice.

More. I ſhall look for't in good faith Sir.

El. Lo. Prithee good Sweet-heart kiſs him.

La. Who's that Fellow?

Sa. Sir, will it pleaſe you to remember me? my Keys good Sir.

Yo. Lo. I'll do it preſently.

El. Lo. Come, thou ſhalt kiſs him for our ſports ſake.

La. Let him come on then; and do you hear, do not inſtruct me in theſe tricks, for you may repent it.

El. Lo. That at my peril. Luſty Mr. *Morecraft*, here's a Lady would ſalute you.

More. She ſhall not loſe her longing Sir; What is ſhe?

El. Lo. My Wife Sir.

More. She muſt be then my Miſtreſs.

La. Muſt I Sir?

El. Lo. O yes, you muſt.

More. And you muſt wear this Ring, a poor pawn, ſome fifty pound.

El. Lo. Take it by any means, 'tis a lawful prize.

La. Sir, I ſhall call you Servant.

More. I ſhall be proud on't. What fellow's that?

Yo. Lo. My Ladies Coachman.

More. There's ſomething (my Friend) for you to buy whips, And for you Sir, and you Sir.

El. Lo. Under a Miracle this is the ſtrangeſt I ever heard of.

More.

More. What, shall we play, or drink? What shall we do?
Who will hunt with me for an hundred pounds?
Wel. Stranger and stranger!
Sir, you shall find sport after a day or two.
Yo. Lo. Sir, I have a suit unto you
Concerning your old Servant *Savill.*
El. Lo. O for his Keys. I know it. *Sa.* Now Sir, strike in.
More. Sir, I must have you grant me.
El. Lo. 'Tis done Sir, take your Keys again:
But hark you *Savill*, leave off the motions
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again: I'll try you once again.
Sa. If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,
Take off the biggest Key i'th Bunch, and open
My Head with it Sir. I humbly thank your Worship.
El. Lo. Nay then, I see we must keep Holiday,
Here's the last couple in Hell.

Enter Roger *and* Abigail.

Ro. Joy be among you all.
La. Why now Sir, what is the meaning of this Emblem?
Ro Marriage an't like your Worship.
La. Are you married?
Ro. As fast as the next Priest could do it, Madam.
El. Lo. I think the Sign's in *Gemini*, here's such coupling.
Wel. Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your Sweet-heart to night.
Ro. Not the best Benefice in your Worship's gift Sir.
Wel. A Whorson, how he swells!
Yo. Lo, How many times to night, Sir *Roger*?
Ro. Sir, you grow scurrilous.
What I shall do, I shall do, I shall not need your help.
Yo. Lo. For Horse-flesh *Roger*?
El. Lo. Come, prithee be not angry, 'tis a day
Given wholly to our mirth.
La. It shall be so Sir: Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
We shall intreat to be at our charge.
El. Lo. Welford, get you to the Church; by this light
You shall not lie with her again, till y'are married.
Wel. I am gone.
More. To every Bride I dedicate this day;
Six healths a piece, and it shall go hard,
But every one a Jewel: Come, be mad Boys.
El. Lo. Th'art in a good beginning: Come, who leads?
Sir *Roger*, you shall have the *Van*, and lead the way:
Would every dogged Wench had such a day.

FINIS.